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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Price, 10 Cents.



Photo by White: New York.

SHE'S A STAGE BEAUTY.

CHARMING MISS ARDEN WHO HAS JUST CLOSED HER SEASON WITH "FOXY GRANDPA."



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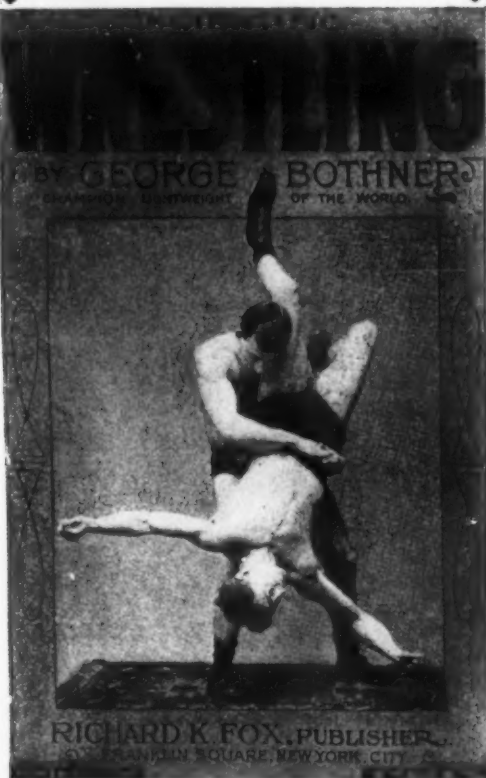
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ACTRESS IN HARD LUCK

—ALSO IN CONNECTICUT—

COULDN'T BEAT HER BOARD

Was Good at Eluding Landladies Until She Stacked Up
Against a Waterbury, Conn., Proposition.

SAD TALE OF A GRIP AND A CLOTHESLINE.

How a Perfect Lady in Burlesque Laid Elaborate Plans for a \$25 Touch, But
Failed to Come Home With the Goods.

"I've been up against a great many brace
games in my life," remarked the Refined Song and
Dance Artist, as she inhaled the smoke of the cigar.



Photo by White: New York.

MAY MONTAGU.

Pretty and Talented Singer of Ballads who
is Popular in Brooklyn, N. Y.

ette she was smoking, "and I've been flim-flammed
until I was dizzy, but that was when I was first put into
the business. Anybody who can get to me now on any
kind of a queer proposition has got to be a bird, and
don't you forget it. I don't part with my coin until I
see what I am going to get for it—and I guess I don't
pay for everything I get, at that.

"Beat a hotel? Say, son, there was a time I had that
down to a science, and there was a time that I would
see myself go in deep mourning if I had to give up for
grub and lodging. Never on your life.

"But I got a crimp put into me one time in the razor
town of Waterbury, Conn., by a hatchet-faced piece
who was about as wide as a drink of water, and who
looked as if she was made to be trimmed by the first
innocent chorus girl that came along.

"I was playing a two weeks' engagement, and at the
end of the first week it was a pipe to stall her. She
took my little tale of woe like a baby taking its mother's
milk, and I could see myself getting away with all
the money.

"Why, say, I got so I was ashamed to look her in the
face when I was at the table, and I used to wonder if
she would feel very bad when she found me gone with
two weeks' good board, with pie three times a day.
Honest, I had to quit thinking about it, because I knew
if I had kept on, I would have left her a couple of dol-
lars just for luck.

"I finished up on Saturday night, and when I went
around to the house I told her I was re-engaged for an-
other week, just to steer her off.

"That's nice," she says, "and I'm very glad to hear
it. I fixed up a little lunch for you before you go to
bed, for I know you must be hungry," and say, she pro-
duced a lay-out that would cost seventy-five cents any-
where. I came near weakening then, you bet.

"Well, I got up to my room on the third floor and
packed my grip in a hurry, because the last train went
in half an hour. I had bought a clothes line and I low-
ered my bag out of the window, and when it hit the
ground, I says good-bye to myself in the looking-glass,
and then I hiked down stairs.

"The house was so arranged that I had to go through
the dining-room to get out, and when I opened the
door the room was all lighted up. On one side of the
table sat the landlady, and on the other side was her
son, and on the table was my grip!

"Say, what do you think of that?"

"I was stunned.

"The landlady cut loose with a nice little smile, and
then she said:

"We found your valise outside, my dear, and we

You can become an expert wrestler by fol-
lowing the instructions in George Bothner's
new book published by the POLICE GA-
ZETTE. Price, 25 cents.

brought it in for fear it might rain during the night."

"I stood there like a chump; at last I found my voice.

"I'm going to New York," I says, "how much do I
owe you?"

"Fourteen dollars."

"I had it all in my stocking, and I had a terrible job
to get it out, but at last I did, and then I paid her.

"I grabbed my bag and headed for the door.

"Don't you want to take the clothes line with you?"

she says. "I think it must belong to you."

"No, I'll stake you to that," I says, and then I
dashes for the train.

"Every time I see a clothes line now, it makes me
sick to my stomach.

"I don't mind if I do have another, although my
doctor says that high balls are the worst things in the
world for a soprano voice."

"All the mean men ain't dead yet, and if
some of them that I know had what is coming to them
they would be on a stone pile for the summer," said the
burlesque lady, as she held her trunk down on the
station platform at Cleveland, waiting for a train that
her cut-rate ticket would be good on.

"When a girl has any luck everything comes her
way, but as soon as she begins to go down, she's out
for fair. See this telegram? It's to me from a friend.
It says:

"Go West, and grow up with the country. Nick."

"What do you think of that?"

"He's got a nerve, ain't he? Why, I was his best
friend for four months and there wasn't anything I
wouldn't do for him, and this is the best I get. I sent
him a telegram the other day and asked him what I'd
do, go home to my folks in the West or go to New York,
and this is what I get.

"Say, but I'll bet he's close. You couldn't get a
dollar or a pair of socks out of him unless you hit him
on the head and stunned him first.
It wouldn't surprise me if he kept
his money on his back under a
porous plaster so he couldn't even
get it himself unless he took a Turk-
ish bath.

"It was this way. He took a kind
of a fancy to me, and if I do say it
myself, I liked him a little bit—
about as good as I could like any-
body. I was with the 'Sunny
Jim' Burlesque Company and I al-
ways made a great hit with him—
at least I thought so—but he never
loosened up much, and I got tired of
living on talk so I thought I'd see
how strong he was.

"One night I says to him.

"Nick, I owe Eileen Fortesque
\$25 I borrowed of her last month,
and she's pressing me for it. Will
you make good?"

"Sure," he says.

"I could almost see the money in
my mitt, and it was so easy that I
was sorry I didn't ask for \$50.

"But he didn't do any digging and
I had to go at him again.

"Of course, I didn't owe Eileen the
money, but I told her how it was,
and she said she would stand for it,
all right. You know we girls have
to stick quite close to each other.

"I waited a week and no money
showed up, and I went at him again.

"Are you going to be a good
fellow and give up, Nick?" I says,
when I had him alone.

"When do you want it?" he
asks.

"I got to have it to-night, be-
cause Eileen wants to send it home
to her sick mother."

"All right," he says, "I'll see you
after the show."

"Then it looked as if it was coming
for sure.

"Well, when I saw him after the
show he says to me:

"I paid that \$25.00."

"How did you pay it?" I asks,
wondering what was coming.

"Why, I paid it just the very
same way you borrowed it," says he.

"He'd gone to Eileen and she gave the whole snap
away. What do you think of that? I never thought
she'd play a dirty trick like that on anybody, but that's
the way some girls are; you can never trust them.

"A little lunch while I'm waiting? Sure as you live.

I feel that down hearted I don't care if I never get
home. Stay in Cleveland a week? You bet your life!"

"It was a case of bad luck from the
start," remarked the show girl who had just come

back to Broadway. "A honeymoon without a husband
was bad enough, but to be a week without coin was the
limit. And this is how it happened:

"Jimmy had to fill an engagement in Boston. So,
while supping a week ago last Thursday night, we
suddenly decided to get married then and there. We
had awful trouble to find a minister and it was 4 o'clock
in the morning before the knot was securely tied.

"Four nights later, after the ghost had walked, some
of the girls insisted on giving me a supper. In the
absence of my husband, the young fellows who were to
be of the party were selected by the founders of the
feast. One of the Johnnies disappeared when the wine
opening commenced. But such things have happened
before, and little notice was taken of the incident, until
we reached for our wraps. Then it was discovered that
our pocketbooks, containing our week's salaries, had
also disappeared.

"When the excitement had died down a little,
anxious inquiries as to the identity of the evident thief
showed that nobody knew his name. Nobody knew
how he had come to be one of the party. Every girl
had thought him to be somebody else's friend. But we
remember his appearance, and if ever any of us meet
him on Broadway there will be something doing, I can
promise you."

No real Show Girl would think of walking,
except, of course, when it is necessary for her to move
about the stage. On other occasions she will use one of
her automobiles. It is also considered kind for a Show
Girl to allow one of her maids to use one of her many
autos when not on duty.

The above paragraph is copied from a paper which is
supposed to be well posted on the Show Girl question.

You know a Show Girl is a good-looking, shapely,
young person, who can make four quarts of wine last
about as long as a snowball in Hades, and not turn a hair.

She also wears diamonds that look like headlights, as
well as a few other objects of art scattered about her
ample person.

She usually wears tights, and the only man who can
make her take to the woods is the stage manager.

She has all the other brands of men on the run, and
incidentally has the world by the tail on a downhill pull.

The man who takes a Show Girl out to lunch on less
than a \$10 bill ought to be in the insane asylum, learn-
ing how to spell cat on his finger tips.

That's about all for the first lesson.

Oh, yes, there's one thing more.

The salary of the Show Girl is about \$18 per week.

Now, you can run out and play, son, and don't ask
any foolish questions.

Here is an actress who is not wedded to her
art. She is Josephine Cohan, who sings and dances
well, and who is one of the Four Cohans, now on tour,
in their latest success, "Running for Office."

Miss Cohan prefers raising chickens to acting. She
has a farm in Connecticut, where she spends a great
deal of her time, and there she raises chicks, and when
they are old enough sends them to market.

"There is nothing so interesting," she says, "as a
newly-hatched chicken." She can converse on chickens
all day, and always has something new to tell about
them. In the past year Miss Cohan raised over 1,000.

Speaking of the stage, Miss Cohan said:

"It is the cruellest life a person can lead. I like to



Photo by Goss: Milwaukee.

DAISY DWYER.

Star Beauty who is on Tour with "Mr. Jolly of Joliet."

dance and I like to act, but I enjoy the solid comfort of
home life best. I have been on the stage nearly all my
life, and suppose I shall finish there."

Don't say a word. She's under the opium bush again.

What a habit that is getting to be?

One of the best bag punchers in the world

is Belle Gordon. Her picture is one of the
thirty-two in the "Police Gazette Sporting
Annual" for 1903. 10 cents.

PHOTOGRAPHS of VAUDEVILLE ARTISTS in Character will be Published Free in the POLICE GAZETTE

HOW A FLY EX-JOCKEY

WHO WAS DOUBLE-CROSSED

SQUARED ACCOUNTS

His Turf Partner Suddenly Turned Crooked and Wanted to Gather in All the Money in Sight.

THE PIGSKIN STRADDLER CAME OUT AHEAD.

And Now the Man Who Was Well on the Road to a Fortune is Wandering Around the Various Tracks Broke.

"Down at the track the other day was a man who looked as if he never owned a nickel in his life. No longer than twelve years ago he was running one of the most prosperous hotels in Baltimore, a plant where the duff-gathering sporting fraternity of that town hung out and blew themselves. He was then a likable fellow of forty or so, a good deal of a handshaker, a mixer who knew everybody and understood how to sort 'em out.

"One of his racing friends was an ex-jockey—when he was riding, one of the most distinguished horse-players that ever knew the feel of pigskin—who had taken to training when he became too heavy to lift the horses home. The ex-jock had some good horses of his own, and he trained, in addition, a public stable. He had an acute knowledge of the condition and capacity of the horses in his barn, and when they were ready he sent them along with confidence.

"At the beginning of the racing season, a dozen years ago, this ex-jockey and the Baltimore hotel man established a business relationship. The Baltimore man made the proposition, and the ex-jockey accepted it.

"Forty horses, some of them your own and some of them belonging to other men, are eating oats in your shed," said the hotel man to the ex-jockey. "I like the way you handle them. I believe that you usually come pretty close to knowing when they are going to win. Well, I want to know, too. I've fifty thousand dollars' velvet. You tell me when and I get the money down. Half the winnings are yours, half mine. You put in nothing—your information earns your half. I won't mention losses, because I don't foresee any. How about it?"

"It's done," said the ex-jockey. "So they started business on this basis. The scheme went along on rollers from the beginning. There were no mistakes. The training ex-jockey passed the word out to his partner only when he had the hole dug and the foundation laid, although from the start he had some difficulty in restraining the hotel man's plunging tendencies.

"Within six weeks after they had got together in the betting partnership they had cut \$15,000 between them. The hotel man considered the amount far too small.

"Well, I'm only putting weatherboards around your own roll," the ex-jockey would reply. "I'm not standing to lose, you'll remember—you're risking the duff. I've got some tricks pickling. When the days for un-betting comes don't you suppose you'll know?"

"One of these days came about two weeks later on. The ex-jockey told the hotel man about it a couple of days ahead of time. An hour before the races began the hotel man rushed to the ex-jockey and showed him a telegram summoning him to Baltimore on business.

"I'll have to hustle for a train," said the Baltimore man, "and so I won't be able to get the money down. You'll have to dig up some one to do the betting. How much do you say?"

"A thousand will be enough," said the ex-jockey. "All right—here it is," said the hotel man, and he handed the thousand to his partner.

"When the betting was well under way on the race in which he figured that he had the winner to a certainty, the ex-jockey strolled from the paddock to the ring, with the feeling that the longer he delayed getting down the thousand on the horse the better the price would be. He found, though, when he reached the ring that his horse was the 8 to 5 favorite, and that the bookmakers had virtually rubbed the horse's name off their slates.

"How did my horse open, chum?" he asked one of his friends on the line, and the bookmaker laughed and said sententiously:

"You don't know, do you?" "No, I don't—I haven't got a dollar on him," said the ex-jockey, and the bookmaker, who had known his squariness for years, believed him.

"Well," said the layer, "your horse has been pelted from 12 to 1 down to what you see, and if he wins there'll be some enamelled grins with cracks in them down this line. A couple of new people that I never saw before caught me to a pretty tune before I rubbed it at all, but I thought they were reporting to you."

"The ex-jockey tucked the thousand back in his clothing and returned to the paddock without betting a nickel on his horse.

"There's a leak somewhere in my shed," he said to himself. "The Baltimore boy'll be disappointed."

"The horse won in a jog, and a number of book-makers promptly climbed down from their stools, stunned out. It had been a big killing.

"The ex-jockey had been chiselled, somehow or another, he knew, out of a nice bundle owing to the way the price on his horse had been slashed, but he attributed the hard fall to a leak, and set quietly to work to find out where the leak was. The Baltimore man returned on the next forenoon, or, at any rate, told the ex-jockey that he had just got in.

"Too bad," was all the hotel man said when his partner in the betting enterprise told him how the good thing had been slaughtered in the ring from the beginning of the betting.

"A couple of weeks later another good thing in the

barn was all ready to pop, and the ex-jockey told his partner that it was good enough for whatever the second-hand man would give on the rug carpet and the cook stove.

"She'll come home in the boy's lap," he said, "and they can't chalk her up at less than 15 to 1."

"At noon on the day of that race the ex-jockey began to get telegrams from friends of his all over the country. The friends inquired if his mare was such a cinch as to warrant her being played down in the morning betting in the poolrooms from 20 to 1 to 3 to 1.

"The ex-jockey didn't say anything to the hotel man, but strolled into the betting ring just as the bookmakers were beginning to assemble for the day's races. They greeted him with good-natured jeers.

"You thought you had one salted on us, hey?" they said to him, gathering around him, and a dozen of the layers showed him telegrams which they had received from poolroom-keepers in New York and other cities informing them of the tremendous morning betting play on his mare.

"The ex-jockey smiled and left the ring. He saw a good many thousands being yanked away from him, but he never was a talkative little man.

"His manner wasn't changed in the least when he met the hotel man. But he was next. He sent out before the race a number of confidential telegrams to poolroom-keepers who had wired to him, and asked them to tell him the name of the individual or individuals who had sent them such big commissions at house-betting figures on his mare. He had their replies in his pocket before the races began. The replies all named the Baltimore hotel man, his partner.

"The ex-jockey's horse didn't win the race that day.



RAYMOND H. CHASE.

An Alexandria, S. D., Expert who is Champion 500-ball Rifle Shot of the World.

When the betting had gone up the hotel man had come to the ex-jockey with an expression of assumed surprise and exclaimed:

"Why, the mare's only 3 to 1."

"That's not enough—we'll stay off," remarked the ex-jockey, and when the hotel man looked contented

~~~~~ You can become an expert wrestler if you will study Champion George Bothner's book on the subject. Just out. It contains over 70 full page illustrations. Price, 25 cents; this office.

over this proposition his betting partner realized the full extent of the double cross he was getting for his.

"Well, there isn't a great deal more to it. The ex-jockey simply made up his mind to get hunk with his betting partner for the way it had been passed out to him, but the hotel man never knew what he was getting until it was all over.

"First the ex-jock handed the Baltimore man one that he said was worth a tap. The hotel man bet \$2,000 on the thing in his partner's presence on the track, but that morning he had wired \$25,000 to the poolrooms on the trick.

"The horse lost by a head. I am not saying that the ex-jockey fixed it that way—but I happen to know that he never intended the horse to win.

"Then he gave the Baltimore man one that won at a small price, advising him to go slow on it. The Baltimore man picked up a few thousand on this, and then he was told of another plungerino. The hotel man kept right at what he thought was his underhand work, and sent \$25,000 to the poolrooms on this one, betting only \$3,000 on the track grounds, so as to make himself look right—as he imagined—in the view of his partner. The horse ran second.

"It took the ex-jockey nearly all summer to break the hotel man, but he finally did.

"When his bank roll went he mortgaged his Baltimore hotel for \$60,000 and began to slough that. His partner saw to it that two dead ones, which he gave as plunges, came out of the shed in a row, and when they both lost out the hotel man looked ghastly.

"Do you know that I am all in—hotel and the whole works—except a thousand or so?" he asked the ex-jockey.

"Yes," said the jockey. "I know you are. And I am glad of it. You're all in because I've fixed it that way."

"I fixed it that way because I found out three months ago that you were a sneak and a back-capper and that you were trying to dance me on a slack wire. You were going to make it hay and snowballs for mine, and hot birds and cold bottles for your end."

### TIPMAN-WALCOTT'S HOT FIGHT.

Joe Tipman, the Baltimore boxer who does not always live up to Marquis of Queensbury rules, caught a Tartar in the windup at the Ariel A. C., Philadelphia, on May 20, in Belfield Walcott. It was the first time that Tipman has met a boy of anything like equal weight in that city, and as a consequence he did not look so well as he has on former occasions.

The first round was devoted almost entirely to fiddling. Beginning with the second round, however, there was action every inch of the way. Tipman rushed Walcott to the ropes, and the latter covered up.

Suddenly Walcott emerged from his trance and set sail for Tipman, landing heavily with his left on the body, and then swinging with his right caught Tipman squarely on the jaw. The latter went down for a count of nine, and was rather tired when he got up. Walcott started in to rush things, but the gong prevented him from doing any damage.

In the remaining rounds Tipman invariably had the better of the exchanging in the early part, but just as invariably Walcott had the better of the finish. As a matter of fact, Walcott did not seem to wake up until he got a punch or two. Walcott was in the better shape at the finish.

### GANS AND BRITT MAY NOT MEET

Unless Jimmy Britt will consent to fight Joe Gans at 135 pounds, weigh in at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the battle, there is not a chance of the men ever meeting in the ring. Al Herford, manager of Gans, had a talk with Willie Britt, manager of the Californian, and informed him of the terms under which he would fight.

As the latter is not willing to fight Gans at 135 pounds at 3 o'clock, but will do so if Gans weighs in at the ringside, it looks as if the match is off for good. Herford says he intends to take Gans to England and match him against Jabez White, the English champion.

### DUMMY ROWAN'S HARD PUNCH.

Silent Rowan and Kid Harris, two lightweight pugilists, were scheduled to fight twenty rounds at the Tivoli Theatre, Lewiston, but during the first minute of the second round the Dummy landed a left on the jaw of Harris and put him out for over half an hour. Harris was much the heavier of the two, but Rowan was in the best shape and showed himself the letter man in every particular. Little was done in the first round, but at the tap of the gong for the second round the Dummy went right in and commenced mixing things with Harris, who was not sufficiently clever to stop him. After a few exchanges the Dummy landed a stiff left to the jaw, putting the Kid down for eight seconds. When Harris came up he was slightly groggy and it was no difficulty for the Dummy to land first a stiff solar plexus and follow it up with another left to the jaw, which did the business. A good-sized house saw the contest.

### DUFFY KNOCKS RUBE FERNS OUT.

Martin Duffy, of Chicago, knocked out Rube Ferns, of Kansas, in the thirteenth round of what was to have been a twenty-round bout before the Louisville (Ky.) Athletic Club May 28. Duffy proved himself the complete master of the picturesque Kansan boxer. After the first round he kept Rube going, and beat him down slowly but steadily. Duffy had the reach and knew the game better, while Ferns distinguished himself only by his strength, his ability to take a beating and his un-failing good nature, which manifested itself in a grin, even when he was being carried to his corner, whipped. The bout was full of work. Ferns was always trying to get in close range, while Duffy kept jabbing him off. Time and again Rube rushed, only to meet a piston-like right or left, which brought him up with a jar, and soon had his face covered with blood, which dropped all over himself, Duffy, Referee Greaser, the ring, and even overflowed into the press seats between rounds.

Throughout this monotonous drubbing the Rube's rubicund face glowed smilingly like a crimson sunrise. Toward the close his right eye was so swollen that he had to manoeuvre to keep Duffy off his blind side.

There was never a question after they had gone a short distance as to who would win. It was Duffy's fight all the time, but he had to be wary of Ferns' punch at close quarters. He kept jabbing the Kansan until finally, in the thirteenth round, his chance came, and he copped Ferns on the chin for keeps.

## GANS BEAT FITZGERALD

The White Boy Never Had a Chance with the Dusky Champion.

When the bell rang for the opening of the tenth round of the Gans-Fitzgerald fight at Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, May 20, the latter responded, but he never heard the gong at the finish, for he was on the floor, knocked out.

Fitzgerald was little better than a plaything in the hands of the dusky champion. The white boy started



READY FOR BATTLE.

Famous Mexican Gray Gamecock Bred by Al. C. Ziegler of York, Pa.

out bravely enough, but after a few rounds he was bewildered. That he retained his bulldog courage was seen in the fact that he was ready to indulge in a mixup right up to the moment the knockout landed.

There were thousands of spectators in the building and in all probability Gans was the coolest and most collected individual there.

The negro outfought his man from start to finish. Fitzgerald landed scattering blows that sounded loudly, but the negro was never in danger. He seldom wasted a blow or a step.

In the first round he circled around and sized his man up. In the next round he studied Fitz's peculiar crouch, kept his right poised for action and prodded with his left. When Fitz took to rushing and mixing Gans stood his ground and worked a couple of free fists in a highly effective manner. There were rallies in which Fitz braced himself and swung like a Trojan, but the practiced eye could see that Gans had the inside track and was jolting Fitz in the ribs and face, while Fitz's swings were glancing off the negro's raised shoulders.

After the fifth round Fitz floundered a good deal and appeared to be striking out with his eyes shut. Gans, who was always alert for the chance to put in a short range right, found a way to beat down the white boy's guard and sneak in his favorite punch.

Fitzgerald was outclassed and his confidence began to vanish. He fought on doggedly, however, and in the sixth round became involved in a mixup, the end of which saw him reeling back with his left eyebrow split. Nothing daunted, he went at Gans again and was sent to the floor.

From that point Gans cut his opponent down systematically. Fitz tried a straight left for the stomach but the colored fighter doubled backward and drew his mid-section out of range. After every motion of that kind Gans would straighten up and press in toward Fitzgerald, forcing the white boy to make a hand to hand fight of it and fairly smothering him in the exchanges.

Fitzgerald was inclined to clinch a good deal and he threw himself into some strange positions while trying to punch in the slugging, in the clinches and on the breaks. In the eighth it looked as if Gans failed to take advantage of a chance to deal Willie a jarring blow when the latter was out of position and a fair mark for any kind of a smash.

The first signal that the finish was at hand came while the men were mixing it in a corner of the ring in the tenth. Fitz, as usual, was swinging and Gans was sending blows that were straight and punishing. Fitz went down suddenly from a hard right on the jaw. When he arose and returned to the attack he was dazed, but he was crouching to the right to avoid Gans' most damaging punch. Gans coolly shifted the flat and floored him with a left-hander on the chin.

Fitz went down slowly, but from the manner in which his head was doubled on his chest it was plainly to be seen that he was falling for keeps. He made an effort to arise but it was of no avail. He was counted out and Referee Eddie Graney slapped Gans on the back.

Fitzgerald made as much money by losing as Gans did by winning.

The negro was not down to 135 pounds when he reached the Pavilion. The white man was well under the weight. Managers Herford and Weedon talked the situation over and Weedon took the stand that Fitzgerald was entitled to a split purse if he lost. After some wrangling Herford agreed to the condition.

~~~~~ Prof. Muldoon is a great trainer of athletes. He tells you how he does it in the "Police Gazette Book on Boxing." 25 cents.

FOX'S BARTENDER'S GUIDE is the Best and Most Authentic. Price 25 Cents, Mailed Direct to Your Address



Photo by Schloss: New York

VIOLET DALE.

SHE SINGS AND DANCES CHARMINGLY AND SHE IS VERY POPULAR WITH THEATREGOERS.



Photo by Emery: New York.

EMMA FRANCIS.

ONE OF THE GREATEST AND DAINTIEST LITTLE SOUBRETTES WHO EVER DID A TURN.



Photo by Betz: Baltimore.

EMMA FIELDS.

SHE'S A FAIR BURLESQUER; HER SHAPELY FIGURE TELLS THE STORY.



Photo by Emery: Gloucester.

IDA RUSSELL.

SHE IS IN THE VAUDEVILLES WITH HER VERSATILE DAUGHTER.



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JEAN DU CHAMP.

SHE'S FRENCH, BUT SHE DRAWS A BIG SALARY HERE.



Photo by Brien: Montreal, Que.

GASPARD BROTHERS.
JUGGLING QUICK CHANGE ARTISTS WHO
ARE CONSIDERED VERY CLEVER.



Photo by Lisau & Kenberg: Chicago.

KNIGHT BROTHERS.
SONG AND DANCE TEAM WHO
HAVE A GOOD ACT.



Photo by Feinberg: New York.

BOYCE AND WILSON.
A PAIR OF ARTISTIC PERFORMERS WITH
HYDE'S COMEDIANS.



THOMAS PATTERSON.
A WEIGHT LIFTER AND ALL-ROUND
ATHLETE OF TOLEDO, OHIO.



A BATTLE-SCARRED VETERAN.
RED REAPER, BIRD OWNED BY ERNEST
BOLDT, OF ALBION, MICH.



GLEN MILLER.
HE IS JIMMY REEDER'S WELTERWEIGHT
PROTEGE OF BRIDGEPORT, PA.



Photo by Wheeler: New York.

BENNETT AND RICH.
THEY HAVE SUCCEEDED IN MAKING A REPUTATION
WITH THEIR ILLUSTRATED SONGS.



MILITARY BASEBALLISTS.
THE SCIENTIFIC AND UP-TO-DATE TEAM OF BATTERY B, OF THE
COAST ARTILLERY, FORT FLAGLER, WASHINGTON.



Photo by Schloss: New York

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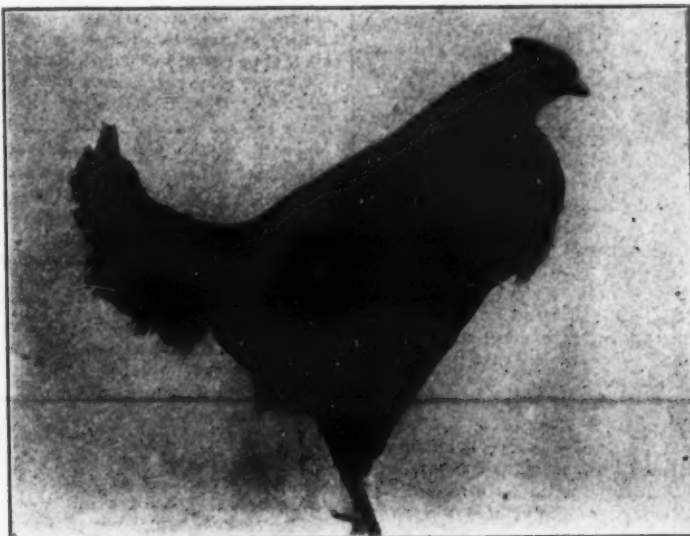
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MILITARY BASEBALLISTS.

THE SCIENTIFIC AND UP-TO-DATE TEAM OF BATTERY B, OF THE COAST ARTILLERY, FORT FLAGLER, WASHINGTON.

HOW A BOWIE KNIFE PROPERLY HANDLED WON A POKER GAME

It Was in the Hand of a Man Who Knew What to Do
With it, and He Did it, Too.

SENSATIONAL KILLING ON A MISSISSIPPI RIVER BOAT.

A Warm Game of Draw Between Professional Gamblers That Ended With an
Argument and a Blade in the Throat.

"A revolver is a monstrous handy thing to have, sometimes," said the veteran bartender on the Mississippi river steamboat City of Natchez. "But a man what carries one, if he really expects for to use it—an' he's a fool to carry it if he don't reckon to use it when the time comes—had ought for to know how."

"It's easy enough to fire a gun, so far as pullin' the trigger goes. Any child, or any woman, for that matter, kin do that, but 'tain't everybody that can hit the side of a house when he shoots, an' more 'specially 'tain't everybody that can get a gun ready to use until after he's dead, if the other feller happens to be any ways handy with his."

"I ain't one to speak high of a man just for bein' handy about such things. The trouble mostly is that it's the wrong man that knows the most about it, an' gets his work in before the other feller has drawn his. If you're in a line o' business where you're likely to run up against that sort, the best thing to do is to get the best gun you can, an' then practice with it till you can use it, same you can your forefinger—as quick as you can think, and pinter straight."

"There's lots o' people that talks ag'in carryin' weapons. Maybe they're right, an' maybe they ain't. I don't know. The reel p'int is, that when you do want a gun, you want it bad, an' it don't do you no good to argue about the demoralizin' effect that carryin' a gun has on the other feller."

"But Lord bless you! All that were just as true afore there was any revolvers as it is now, an' even that ain't so long ago as a good many people thinks. 'Taint much more'n fifty year since they first began makin' 'em, an' it's consid'able less'n that since they made any that a reel fightin' man would carry. I kin remember the first that was made, along in the forties, an' what a cur'osity they was. There was a good many of 'em sold just on account o' the novelty of 'em, for they was the on'y kind of a gun that anybody had ever saw that you could shoot more'n twice. But it didn't take no time to find out that they wa'n't no reel good in a fight, an' it came to be a standin' joke on the river that if you wanted to kill a man with one of 'em, the best way was to throw it at him. It sure were a clumsy thing,

culty inside o' four shots, you ain't no ways likely to settle it at all, 's far 's I've ever noticed."

"There's a good many stories told about Colonel Bowie, the feller the knife was named after, an' I reckon, I'm what I've hear'd, that maybe he was as good a hand with the knife as anybody, but I never seen him. There was a man I knowed in the fifties, named Munroe—I disremember what his first name was—that had the reputation for a time o' bein' about as dangerous a man with a knife as anybody that traveled the river, but he didn't last long. He had three or four fights that was talked about a heap, an' likely, if he'd lived he'd been famous, but he drew his knife once in the wrong place, an' got drowned."

"It were a simple thing, too. There was a gambler named Price 't he'd had some words with a day or two before in Vicksburg, an' there was bad blood between 'em."

"I was tendin' bar on the old Belle o' the Bayous then, an' we was just leavin' Vicksburg for New Orleans when I seen Munroe comin' down the levee to get aboard. I was standin' near the rail an' I seen just what happened. 'Pears Price, an' a pal o' his, named Nichols, was hurryin' to catch the boat, too, an' they met Munroe just as he was steppin' on the gangplank."

"Whether 'twas done a purpose or not, I can't say, but Price jostled against Munroe as they was comin' aboard, an' Munroe had his knife out in a flash, an' lifted to strike when Nichols seen what he was doin' an' fetched him a clip behind the ear that knocked him plumb overboard. An' when we got him out he was dead."

"He was a knife fighter. As far as I know, he never carried a gun, but he sure did use a knife good. He were the only man I ever knowed that carried his knife at the back of his neck. I've hear'd of others, but I never met 'em. Most men carried 'em at the belt, but some carried 'em in their boots an' I have hear'd o' their bein' wore in the sleeve, but I never seed 'em. Munroe had his in a sheath inside his coat, with the hilt up, o' course, and when he drew it he did it in two motions, an' the second was the blow. His hand went up to the back of his head an' when it came down it came to the other feller, an' it held the knife."

"You can always tell whether a man knows anything about knives by the way he holds one. If he's a tenderfoot the chances is that he'll have the blade on the little finger side of his hand, so't he'll have to strike down to hit anything. But if he knows, he'll have the blade on the thumb side like it was a sword an' he can strike any old way."

"The night Munroe killed Gallagher, there was a great game on. Munroe an' a pal o' his named Stowe had caught a couple o' suckers from Arkansas that was on their way to Mardi Gras on the old River Belle that was blowed up near Natchez on the next trip, an' they'd been skinnin' 'em good an' proper for about two hours, when Gallagher, who had been lookin' on for some time, asked if there was any objection to him takin' a hand."

"It was reg'lar enough, for almost any game in the saloon was reckoned an open game, an' all 't a man had to do was to propose himself if he wanted to play, an' if there wasn't more'n five at the table, he was gen'ly made welcome. 'Twa'n't usual to make objections to anybody if he looked as if he had money an' there was room at the table for him. But I seen that Munroe didn't like it when Gallagher spoke. Him an' Stowe was pickin' up them Arkansas planters' money so easy that it looked like Gallagher was tryin' to get in for some of it, an' just naturally he wanted it all. There wasn't no reel reason outside o' that to object, though, an' the planters both spoke up an' told Gallagher to get right in, so Munroe didn't say nothin' an' Gallagher pulled up a chair. There wa'n't nobody on the boat but me, I reckon, that knowed who Gallagher was, but I'd met him in St. Louis an' I knowed he were a detective on the police force then, that had lost his job for some crooked work. What he'd been since then, I didn't know, but I made up my mind, when I seen him set in, that he was likely

George Bothner, conceded to be the most scientific wrestler in the world, has written a book on the game for the POLICE GAZETTE. Price, 25 cents.

to keep his end up, if he didn't do no more. They was buyin' chips from me, an' I'd sold six hundred worth already. Besides that there was considerable money on the table in big bills an' maybe a couple o' hundred in gold coin, so the game was a to'able big one. Gallagher gave me a hundred dollars for chips, but he showed a good wad when he peeled that off, so 'twas plain that he was ready for stiff play. Table stakes wa'n't played them days, an' they hadn't fixed no limit, so it were the old sky-high game, an' the on'y show a man had for a call if the betting got away from him was to declare his pile."

"Well, it happened within twenty minutes after Gallagher set in, that one o' the planters stacked up against him with a small flush. It were a jackpot, an' Gallagher had opened it for the size of it, which was \$25. The others dropped, but this feller raised it \$25, an' Gallagher went back at him for a hundred, and he raised it five hundred more."

"That were the biggest single bet that had been made up to that time, but Gallagher set steady, an' boosted it a thousand dollars, an' the planter made good. When they both stood pat in the draw, though, he looked pretty serious, an' when Gallagher shoved \$2,000 more in the pot, he studied a while."

"Finally he says: 'I've only got \$1,200 left, but I'll call you for that, an' he put up the money. Then Gallagher showed down a queen-full an' scooped the pot."

"O' course, that put one man out o' the game, an' the other planter looked mighty glum. I don't know how much he may have had in his clothes, but he on'y had about \$500 on the table, an' he played along for two or three deals without sayin' nothin', but thinkin' pretty hard. Then Stowe soaked him for something like a hundred on three aces against two pairs, and he pulled out. I reckon he thought it was time if he an' his friend was goin' on with their trip. Anyway, it left on'y three men in the game, an' two of 'em was to'able sore, Gallagher havin' made more in half an hour than they had all evenin'."

"They reckoned to have the money, though, an' they played along. Gallagher lookin' quite happy, an' playin' his cards like he had considerable confidence. O' course, it looked like a easy proposition for the two on 'em to get away with him. Stowe bein' a monstrous slick dealer, an' the two playin' together as o' course they would. But Gallagher was as clever as they was, an' they seen after a bit that he suspicioned their dealin' an' he wouldn't bet only on his own deal."

"Now, 'tain't no easy thing to catch a good player that goes on that rule, even if two are playin' against him, an' Munroe lost his temper. When Gallagher said that he guessed he'd quit, Munroe b'lied over."

"He couldn't make a man play that didn't want to, but he could say something nasty, and he did that. 'I reckon you must be lookin' for something easy when you play,' he said, 'like the man you skinned a little while ago.'

"Well, o' course, that meant fight, if Gallagher had chose to take it up, but he only laughed. 'I don't know as I'm lookin' for easy things,' he says with a sort o' grin on his face, 'but I reckon you two play too good for me.'

"'Do you mean by that,' says Munroe, 'that we're playin' together?' An' I knowed I'm the way he said it that he was bound to pick a fight."

"'I didn't say no such thing,' he says, 'but if you choose to take it that way—' and then he jumped up, for Munroe was jumpin' at him."

"They both had their knives out when they come together, an' Munroe made a stroke down, that would ha' finished it quick if Gallagher hadn't parried with his own knife. I don't know whether 'twas luck or skill, but the two blades struck fire, an' then it were a case o' fencin' for an openin'. They was both clever, an' Gallagher had a little longer reach than the other, so I was lookin' to see him get the best of it, but Munroe was plumb crazy with rage, an' he took the longest chance I ever seen a man take in a fight."

"Shiftin' his own knife to his left hand like lightning, he grabbed Gallagher's bare blade with his right and pushed it up. O' course, his own hand was cut to the bone, but he gained an instant of time, and that was enough. One stroke drove his knife down into Gallagher's throat under his collarbone toward his heart, and he fell dead in that instant."

"Well, o' course, it were a fair enough fight an' men wa'n't bothered much about a fight them days, even if one on 'em was killed, an' Gallagher hadn't any friends, so far as I know, so there wa'n't nothin' done to Munroe for that."

"Stowe helped to pick the dead man up, an' when the cap'n o' the boat took charge of his things there wa'n't on'y \$40 or \$50 in money found on him, so I reckon the two partners did about as well as they would if Gallagher 'd kept on playin'. What money there was on the table got scattered, but I reckon Stowe didn't lose none o' that, neither. They was a slick pair an' nobody, 'thouten 'twas Stowe, grieved much when Munroe was drowned."

Our Halftone Photos.

Ernest Boldt, of Albion, Mich., is the owner of a fine Red Resper pit game bird, who has won five battles.

Thomas Patterson is a heavy weight lifter and all around athlete of Toledo, O. He can put up a hundred-pound dumb-bell five times with his right arm.

Richard Hiller, of Nyack, N. Y., who is a member of the Orangetown Fire Engine Co. No. 1 of that city, is a life saver as well, having saved two persons from death during a recent conflagration.

BOXING IN THE NAVY YARD.

Father W. H. I. Reaney, chaplain of the receiving ship Columbia, who, it is said, defeated Tom Sharkey in a boxing bout when the ex-sailor heavyweight was in that service, is such a great admirer of boxing that he encourages daily boxing bouts between the sailors on the cob dock at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

In the North Atlantic squadron, recently arrived, are several sailors who have won reputations in the navy as expert boxers. Among them is Joe Leahy, champion of the Asiatic squadron during the Chinese troubles in 1900, who defeated all comers from the foreign fleets. Edward Goodman and James Fleckstein, of the Marine Corps, have yet to be beaten. Father Reaney expects to bring these men together for the championship of the yard.

PROMINENT JOCKEYS

Tommy Burns, Who is Riding For
William C. Whitney.

Tommy Burns, who is riding this year for William C. Whitney, is a typical jockey from the crown of his head to the tips of his riding boots. His eye is the keenest that scans the track over a horse's head. He is a little shorter than the equally famous Terry McGovern, although not so sturdily built.

Burns was born to be a jockey. It may have been



Photo by Marz: Brooklyn, N. Y.

TOMMY BURNS.

luck that started him in his profession, but it was something less uncertain that kept him in it and landed him at the top of the heap.

Tommy Burns has a cousin named Tom Burns, and it is to him that Mr. Whitney is indebted for possessing one of the best riders on the track. Cousin Burns sent for Cousin Tommy when he was about knee high to a duck, and offered to make him a jockey. Young Tom Burns jumped at the chance, and in a short time he was at work riding and learning the rudiments of the game. He rode horses five months that summer before he was pronounced fit for the track.

At that time Burns weighed only forty-eight pounds. When he rode his first race, in Chicago, he weighed fifty-three. For a long time that was the record, and no jockey rode under it until young Reiff won a race while weighing fifty pounds flat. Burns now rides at 105 pounds.

In the first race that he ever rode the young jockey landed his mount across the line in second place. The next he won, and right there his winning streak began. Before he had again crossed the line in anything less than first position he had brought in five successive winners. This was away back in 1892, when he was riding for John W. Schorr.

Tommy Burns has not ridden under contract for many owners. His work has been for the most part done in Mr. Whitney's colors.

There are over 70 page wrestling pictures in Champion George Bothner's new book. It contains all the rules, too. Price, 25 cents; this office.

"TWIN" SULLIVAN GOT A DRAW.

At the National Sporting Club, London, on May 25, Jack Palmer, of Newcastle, met "Twin" Sullivan, of Boston, Mass., in a contest for the middleweight championship of England and \$1,000. The American made a fine stand, but the men were so evenly matched that at the close of the fifteenth round the referee declared it a draw. The decision was appreciated by Palmer's partisans. The final round witnessed some desperate fighting and Sullivan finished the stronger of the two.

JIM JUDGE WHIPS O'ROURKE.

Jim Judge, of Scranton, and Charley O'Rourke, of Cambridge, fought twelve rounds at Cambridge, Mass., on May 25. It was a close battle all the way. O'Rourke did most of the leading, but was met with straight lefts to the jaw. He was a bit too heavy. Judge got a bad cut over his left eye and landed some good body blows. He was awarded the decision.

In the preliminaries Joe Williams, of Cambridge, knocked out George (Kid) Hemming, of New York, in the second round.

A SIX-DAY FOOT RACE.

A six-day race in which all the best distance runners in America will compete, is to be held at Shilling's Pavilion, Seaside, Rockaway Beach, July 6 to 11, running eight hours daily from 4 to 12 p. m.

An entrance fee of \$10.00 will be charged. Entries close July 1, with E. W. Hjertberg, 304 W. 114th St., New York City.

There's going to be another yacht race for the cup. Previous races are in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," 10 cents.

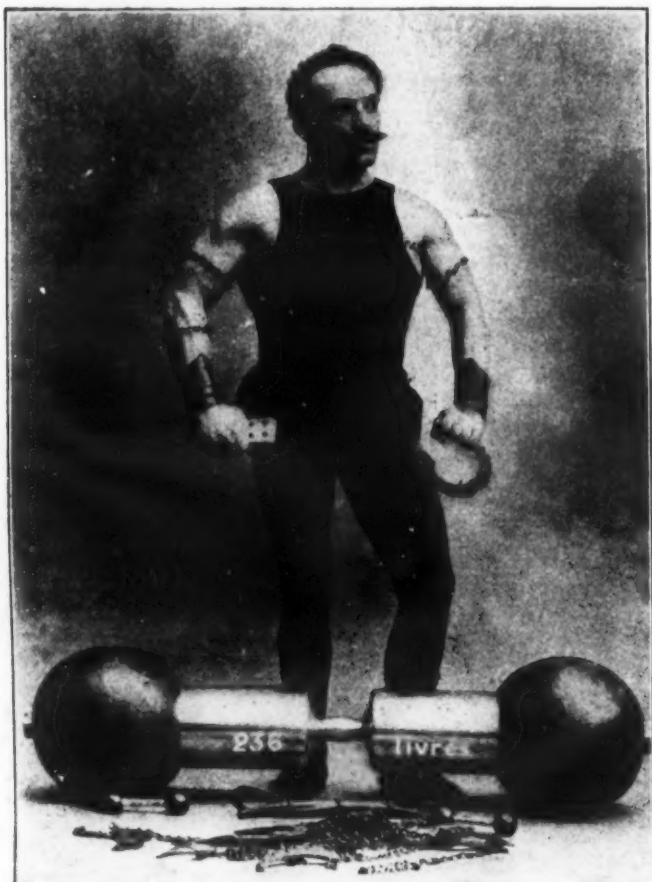


Photo by Valery: Paris.

PIERRE GASNIER.

A Wonderfully Developed French Athlete Now with the
Barnum and Bailey Show.

an' nobody ever got so he could shoot straight with it, 'count it bein' so heavy."

"Them days there was just two kinds o' weapons that men carried for emergencies. They was knives an' derringers, an' the old-fashioned derring pistol, if a man knowed how to use it, were as good, most times, as a revolver. You don't see 'em no more, but they was all right for usin'. The barrel wa'n't as long as your thumb, but it carried an ounce ball, an' shot dead. Gen'ly a man carried a pair on 'em, an' some was made double-barreled, so you c'd get four shots in if you was quick enough. If you don't settle your diffi-

BARTENDERS, Send In Your RECIPES and Photographs---A New Championship Contest is Now Running

PROF. ATTILA TEACHES

—SHOWS IN A NEW SERIES—

HEAVY BELL EXERCISES

The Noted Physical Culturist Who Made Sandow a Perfect Man Continues His Lessons.

STUDY HIM AND BECOME AN ALL AROUND ATHLETE.

He Will Make You a Strong and Healthy Man if You Will Pay Heed to His Advice, Which is Free to Police Gazette Readers.

By PROFESSOR ATTILA.

In beginning this new series, which shall be known as heavy dumb-bell exercises, there are a few things I want to say to those readers of the POLICE GAZETTE who have become interested in the five-pound dumb-bell exercises.

They are for those who have the requisite strength, as well as the ambition to become athletes. And they should not be attempted until the pupil has developed himself by means of the lighter work.

Don't be in a hurry.

The big dumb-bells are hollow, and I believe in them for many reasons. For years I championed them against all the athletes and strong men of Europe. They advanced the argument that it wasn't fair, because it didn't look fair, but I eventually overcame their prejudices, and now their use is universal.

They have conceded that point to me, as they have all others that I have advocated.

The feats with these big bells are very showy, but it requires a knack and some strength to perform, and they show what can be accomplished by a thorough course of training with the lighter weights.

I have given you those, and now that I am through with them I hope that you will not be, but continue to repeat the exercises over and over again, until you see the splendid state of physical development and robust health that is as sure to result as day is to follow night.

No matter what other exercises you may take up, don't neglect the five-pound bells.

They should always be with you.

They are good for the strong man, and good for the weak.

If you have spinal trouble or a weak heart, leave the big bells severely alone.

The average man should work three months before attempting the heavy bells.

The pictures were posed for by Emil Maupas, the celebrated French wrestler, who has a phenomenal record as a weight lifter.

He began with the five-pound bells, and now he can juggle great weights with comparative ease.

The photographs were taken by the Otto Sarony Company, of 1177 Broadway, New York.

The fine photograph on this page is of Maupas in wrestling position.

He is a wonderfully strong man, and he has gained his strength by following Attila's exercises. His development is magnificent.

The actual lessons will begin next week.

If you are at all interested you will order your paper in advance.

And while we are on the subject of wrestling, you may be interested in knowing that George Bothner, the lightweight champion of the world, and holder of the \$500 "Police Gazette" silver belt, has written a book on the subject and has posed for over seventy full-page pictures.

The book is published by Mr. Fox, and will be an authority on wrestling for many years to come. It will be mailed free to anyone sending \$1 for the POLICE GAZETTE for thirteen weeks.

You will find enclosed \$1 for which please send me the GAZETTE for thirteen weeks more, as I cannot get along without it while Prof. Attila's physical culture lessons are being published. They are the greatest I have ever seen. I have gained wonderfully in strength. The lessons ought to be all bound in a book. For a premium to the GAZETTE send me the new book on wrestling. Yours truly, OSCAR EHRENDORF,

409 Hill Street, Hoboken, N. J.

DEAR SIR—I have been taking your exercises and have improved my strength and health wonderfully. In this week's series you state the exercise is excellent to reduce flesh. Will you please tell me how to put on flesh and the best exercise you have given to expand and enlarge the chest. Respectfully,

O. S. KELLY, Hunter, Okla.

To put on flesh exercise moderately, so as to en-

courage a good circulation, and rub down well with a Turkish towel. Exercise No. 5 is a great chest expander.

I am following out your instructions as published in the columns of the POLICE GAZETTE and they have benefited me greatly. I intend to continue and hope to become a well-developed athlete. If the new series benefit me as much as the previous one has



Photo by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

EMIL MAUPAS.

The Finely Developed French Athlete and Successful Wrestler who has Posed for Professor Attila's Heavy Dumb-bell Exercises.

I am sure to succeed. Several of my friends have also taken up the exercises and speak highly of them.

Yours respectfully, GEORGE MAY, Minneapolis, Minn.

Lightweight Champion George Bothner's illustrated book on wrestling will be mailed free to anyone sending \$1 for the POLICE GAZETTE for thirteen weeks.

BROAD AND MOWATT DRAW.

Kid Broad and Tommy Mowatt fought ten rounds to a draw before the Southern A. C., at New Orleans on May 29.

JIM SCANLON NOW A CHAMPION.

Jim Scanlon is now the proud possessor of the title of heavyweight champion of Australia, the news having reached here the other day via Vancouver. It is only known that Scanlon whipped Billy McColl, who held the belt, and who had already beaten him twice in seven rounds.

JEFFORDS' HEAVY PUNCH.

At Savannah, Ga., on May 28, Jim Jeffords, of San Francisco, and George Feeley, of Sioux City, heavyweights, met for a twenty-round contest before the Savannah A. C. In the third round Feeley went down.

Even if you are a boxer you will get something new in the Police Gazette boxing and training book just out. 25 cents.

under a left to the jaw and took a count of six. When he came up groggy, Jeffords sent another to the identical spot and Feeley was counted out.

The next morning Feeley was still unconscious, notwithstanding the efforts of his seconds and two physicians to revive him. Half an hour after he was knocked out a subcutaneous injection of nitro glycerine was administered without having the effect of restoring consciousness. A physician said Feeley's heart was beating all right, but that he was suffering from concussion.

HARRY FORBES WHIPS RAUCH.

Harry Forbes was given the decision over Maurice Rauch in a fifteen-round go before the Missouri A. C., at Kansas City, May 28. Many thought it should have been a draw and Referee Porteus' decision was hissed from several parts of the hall.

Rauch set the pace for the first five rounds, but at no time was Forbes in distress. It was only Rauch's good generalship that saved him from a knockout in the eleventh round, after Forbes had landed several stiff ones on the kidneys and the jaw. Rauch came up stronger in the twelfth round and his clever foot work enabled him to keep out of reach until the end of the bout.

The preliminary was a scheduled eight-round affair between Dan Leinger and John Fertle, but the latter grew weary in the third round and stopped after a jolt on the jaw.

FELTZ WINS ON FOUL.

Tommy Feltz, of Brooklyn, was given the decision at St. Louis, on May 28, over Brooklyn Tommy Sullivan on a foul after one minute's fighting in the eleventh round, Sullivan hitting Feltz low. Feltz was not seriously injured and the fight should have continued as the blow was an accidental one.

From the tap of the gong Sullivan clearly outfought Feltz. In the fourth round, Sully put Feltz to his knees, while in the fifth round he opened a gash over Feltz's eye. In the eighth round Sully staggered Feltz with his

SOME GOOD CHALLENGES

If You Are Looking For a Contest You'll Find It Here.

[If you desire to issue a challenge of any kind, send it to be published in this column. The "Police Gazette" will hold your forfeits and help you to make a match. If you have a good photograph of yourself send that in too.]

Louis Beansey, of Troy, N. Y., is anxious to make a match with any 140-pound boxer.

Willie Mack is out with a challenge to meet any lightweight pugilist in the world.

Charley Mac, of 133 Division avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., wants a fight with any good man.

Glen Miller, of Bridgeport, Pa., challenges any welterweight in the business for a limited round bout.

The Knights, a baseball team of Brooklyn, N. Y., issue a challenge to any amateur baseball team in the city.

August Faust, who has met all the best heavyweight wrestlers in the country, is anxious to meet Tom Jenkins.

Jimmy Kelly, the New York boxer, who is fighting in fine form just now, is looking for a match with anyone at his weight.

I hold the title of champion bag puncher of Rensselaer County, and I stand ready to meet all comers. Willie Bliss, Troy, N. Y.

Andy Barthel (Young Hart), of the Wm. C. Hart A. C. of Baltimore, is ready to defend the title of featherweight champion of the South.

Tom Riley, lightweight wrestler of England, wants to meet any man of his weight in a contest. He is working with Tom Sharkey.

Tommy Thomas, of the Garnet A. C., Fourteenth and Union streets, Chicago, issues a challenge to meet any boxer in the country at 112 pounds.

I am a deaf mute prizefighter and I am anxious to make a match with any man at any weight. Fred A. Wall, 1420 May avenue, Augusta, Ga.

Private John J. Begley, of Co. K, 21st Infantry, stationed at Fort Keogh, Mont., is not only a model soldier but an expert boxer, having recently defeated Ed Nichols for the regimental championship. He is now ready to defend his title.

BASEBALL GOSSIP.

Billy Clingan is playing championship ball for Cleveland.

Cleveland has turned Pitcher Hess over to Kansas City and he will finish the season with that team.

Frank Kitson, who twirled so successfully for the Brooklyn last season, is pitching fine ball for Detroit.

Ed Hanlon is having his trouble in earnest this season in trying to develop a good ball team for Brooklyn.

Walter Carter, the old Yale pitcher, says Clarkson, of Harvard, can pitch rings around Mathewson. Maybe!

The National League attendance has increased over 50 per cent. so far this season. New York is the life saver.

Baseball is at fever heat in New Orleans. At two games recently there were more than 15,000 people at each contest.

President Harry Pulliam of the National League is after Umpire Bob Emslie for allowing the players to browbeat him.

Charley Ganzel, the old Boston National League catcher, will play first base this season for the Jog-a-longs of Watertown.

Lajole is indulging in a lot of exercise to work off the surplus flesh. The warm weather is bringing him around nicely.

The New York Nationals have one of the best pitching staffs in the country in Mathewson, McGinnity, Taylor, Miller and Cronin.

The Pittsburgs have adopted the wrinkle of all wearing jerseys of the same pattern and the plan adds to the neatness of their uniforms.

Charley Hickman, who is playing with Cleveland this season, is hitting harder than any man on the team, not even excepting the great Lajole.

Barney Dreyfuss says Kling, of Chicago, is the best catcher in the National League, and Sullivan, of Chicago, the best catcher in the American League.

"Old Joe" Sugden, the ex-Pirate, is enjoying a new lease of life. Never before in his baseball career has he done the base hit plunking that he is doing at the present time.

For the first thirty-five games played in the American League this year the total attendance has been over 350,000. For thirty-eight games played in the National League the total attendance has been about 375,000.

Recently it so happened that the following named men pitched in the three leagues on the same afternoon: Magee, Moriarty, McGinnity, McCann, Malarkey, McAleese, Mullin and McLaughlin. And there's Milligan. These good Irish boys are the quality essential.

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A FAIR LASSO EXPERT.

A YOUNG WOMAN WHO HAS A RANCH NEAR DALLAS, TEXAS, KNOWS HOW TO RIDE AND HOW TO ROPE A STEER CLEVERLY.



# M'GOVERN PAYS FORFEIT

—SICKNESS COMPELS TERRY TO THROW UP MATCH—

## TO LITTLE ABE ATTELL

Fitzsimmons to be Installed as Trainer to Jeffries and Delaney, who Developed the Champion, is Angry.

## KLONDYKE SPORTS GETTING READY TO MAKE MERRY

Marvin Hart May Have To Quit the Ring—Doc Hottum's New Scheme—Peter Maher Loves a Joke—Pugilistic Gossip.

Terry McGovern is certainly having his share of hard luck. Just on the eve of his battle with Abe Attell at Fort Erie, Ont., he was stricken with malaria, and for the first time in his pugilistic career was forced to request a postponement. He was very ill for a week before he was compelled to give in, and at the time of writing this had been removed from his training quarters near the Morris Park race track to his home in Brooklyn. He bore his sufferings quietly for a week or more, and, work as he would, he could not shake off the bad feeling. Finally the crisis came, and Manager Harris, who had been watching him with anxious eye, saw that all training must cease. Three eminent New York physicians conferred in the McGovern home after having examined the fighter. They gave it as their opinion that Terry was in a bad way from malarial trouble, and notified Manager Harris that Terry must not think of continuing his training. They said that his condition was next to dangerous unless the utmost precaution was taken.

The following letter from Sam Harris explains itself: DEAR SIR—After an examination to-day, the doctors stated that McGovern would surely break down if he continued training for his contest with Abe Attell, which is scheduled to take place at Fort Erie on June 15. The doctors advised Terry to go to the mountains and rest, and with the proper nourishment, he will be himself again in about two months.

Terry has a bad attack of malaria, which will keep him from engaging in any contest for at least eight weeks. As I don't want to endanger the boy's chances of winning by allowing him to fight in the bad condition in which he is, I thought it best to call the match off and lose the forfeit of \$1,000, which is posted with the International Athletic Club, of Buffalo. I would rather lose ten times that sum than send a sick man into the ring.

This is the first time in McGovern's career that he has been compelled to forfeit to an opponent, but in his present condition he could not do himself and his friends justice, knowing that large sums of money would be wagered on his chances.

After Terry gets well I will match him against the crackjacks of his class, and will most gladly give Abe Attell first chance. I feel confident that McGovern, after he has recovered and had a much needed rest, will astonish his most ardent admirers. Truly yours, May 31. SAM H. HARRIS, Manager Terry McGovern.

Little Abe Attell was awfully disappointed when he learned that McGovern would not be able to meet him on the date stipulated, and was inclined to believe that the latter was afraid of the outcome.

"I thought all along," he said, "that McGovern was weakening and I would never believe that he would fight me until I saw him climb through the ropes of a ring. Talk about trouble and disappointment, it is certainly mine. Here have I tried to get on with McGovern and Young Corbett for years and they won't either of them meet me, although I weigh several pounds less than either of them.

"I have been matched eight times with Young Corbett. Twice in his own town of Denver, but he would not take me on, but did take on 'Kid' Broad, whom I beat, and he promised to take on the winner. I am about disgusted. I have worked day in and day out for this match and am in grand condition. I was sure I would win. I don't know now what to do."

Don't know what to do, eh? Why, just wait until Terry gets better and I guess he'll tell him. McGovern isn't the kind of a fighter who dodges men of Attell's fistic calibre!

Billy Delaney's nose is out of joint over the prospect of having to divide with Bob Fitzsimmons the honor of preparing Jim Jeffries for his forthcoming fight with Jim Corbett. The question who will be in charge of the camp is likely to lead up to a lot of discussion.

Fitz is known to be of the calibre that wants to take the matter in his own hands and have full charge of arrangements which he is interested in.

Delaney, on the other hand, is equally as persistent and will insist that he be in command as on former occasions.

With the prospect of the trainers clashing, it is feared that there will be nothing but confusion in the Jeffries camp.

However, the outcome will be watched with great anxiety by the fight followers all over the country. The sports who know Fitz and Delaney think their methods are greatly contradictory.

As far as preparing a fighter for a battle is concerned, Delaney is the peer of any one in the country. This Fitz knows full well, as it was shown to his sorrow when Delaney prepared Jeff for his battles with lanky Bob.

It is known that the "freckled one" is not on the best of terms with Delaney, and unless some kind of a reconciliation can be brought about it is feared that it will either be a Jeff and Fitz separation or a Jeff-Delaney dissolution.

Such a Damon and Pythias like friendship, as that which now exists between the boilermaker and his freckled rival, has no parallel in pugilistic history, considering that on two occasions the Cornishman has gone down before the Californian's terrible smashes. It takes a brave man to own up that he has been beaten—that there is a better man than he is at his own game.

It is not only brave, but it's decent, and Fitz is all of that.

Fitzsimmons thinks Jeffries is the greatest fighter that ever was, and one with any humor in his make-up would say in answer to this claim that he ought to think so after his experience with him. Yet, notwithstanding the two defeats that Jeff has against the Cornishman, the latter can teach him a great many things about the game that Jim does not know. Even the California boy himself concedes that if he lives to be a hundred years old he will never be the boxer that Fitz is, for men of Bob's type are born, not developments of training or practice.

Jeffries will doubtless do his utmost to effect an amicable adjustment of the threatened difficulty.

Away up in the Klondyke the gold diggers are making preparations for a lively pugilistic carnival for the week beginning June 28 and ending July 4. The principal events of the carnival will be a contest between Joe Choynski, the ever youthful heavyweight, and Nick Burley on June 28, and a contest on July 4 between Choynski and a gold digger from the Yukon district, who is said to be faster than a Kansas cyclone.

All of the arrangements were made by C. E. Burns, acting for the Dawson City A. C. The terms were



ALDO BARTLETT.

Seventeen-year-old Strong Boy, a Member of the Braddock (Pa.) Turners.

completed by telegraph, and Choynski was notified by the Northern Trust Company of Chicago that deposits had been made to cover his training expenses and railroad fares. This was equivalent to completing the

If you send \$1 to this office you will receive the POLICE GAZETTE for thirteen weeks and book on the art of wrestling that is up to date and fully worth 50 cents.

negotiations and Choynski sailed from Seattle on May 28. He expects to be back in time to witness the Corbett and Jeffries "go" and challenge the winner.

It will be a serious loss to the fighting game if the injury to Marvin Hart's hand incapacitates him from further usefulness in the ring. Later developments have demonstrated that the injury, or rather, the renewal of the damage done to his hand in his recent fight with Gardiner, is of a more serious nature than either the fighter or his friends imagined, and it may mark the close of his career as a great pugilist in the ring.

Sometime ago, while playfully wrestling with a friend at St. Matthews, Hart had his hand injured, but at that time he paid no attention to it, beyond bathing the member in hot water and using liniments. When he boxed O'Brien at Philadelphia, he took care to use the hand as little as possible, and when he did hit with it it caused him considerable pain.

In the fight with Gardiner, Hart took care not to use the hand until he was compelled to, and in the eighth round it began to pain him badly. At that time he called the attention of his seconds to his condition. Every time that he hit with it and landed the pain was terrific, the result being that he had to quit in the twelfth round.

Three pieces of bone were removed from Hart's hand. They were found not to have been freshly broken in the encounter with Gardiner. It will be a year before the Louisville man will be able to do any boxing at all.

When asked what he thought of Gardiner stating that he quit, Hart produced a telegram from Gardiner which read as follows:

"Emphatically deny accusing you of quitting. You are game and you have my sympathy. Hope your hand will soon heal up."

Doc Hottum, of Memphis, is certainly a boxing enthusiast when it comes to planning enterprises to afford his patrons and friends opportunities for indulging in the sport. On account of adverse legislation in Tennessee and Arkansas Hottum has arranged to hold contests on a mammoth barge which will be towed up the Mississippi River. The barge will be anchored in midstream, and it is the intention of those in charge to offer purses of suitable size to attract the best of the feather, light and middleweights. Heavyweights will be barred, according to present plans. Hottum has financial and influential backing from many of the best citizens of Memphis.

Peter Maher, the famous Irish pugilist, is noted for his love of a good joke, but doesn't like having one told at his own expense. Wherever sporting men are wont to meet and the conversation happens to turn to pugilism, as conversations carried on by sporting men are sure to do, Maher is certain to come in as the principal actor of something humorous that has happened during his up-and-down career in the American prize ring.

Johnny Eckhardt tells one that is worth repeating. Upon Maher being knocked out by Fitz at Langtry, Tex., his seconds had considerable trouble in reviving him, and when they finally brought him around his trainer, Peter Lowery, who was in his corner, began to console him.

"Never mind, Peter," Lowery is reported to have said when the boxer had sufficiently recovered to notice things. "You made a good fight and have lost no friends."

Maher looked at Lowery for a second and shouted, so everybody at the ringside could hear him. "Arragh, will yez hold yer tongue? Can't yez see O'm insensible?"

Speaking about George Gardiner there is some talk of his fighting Bob Fitzsimmons. He has already received an offer from the San Francisco A. C., of which Alex Greggains is manager, to fight Fitz in July. Gardiner is willing, but nothing has been heard as to the Cornishman's disposition of the offer.

"I prefer to fight Root next," said Gardiner. "Fitz is an old man and he may not care to fight after the death of his wife. The club has made an offer and I have accepted, but I am not going to make a lot of talk about what I can do to Fitzsimmons, as Ryan and others have done."

Dear Sir: I write to ask you could you give me a start as I am a girl very fond of fighting and giving sparring exhibitions at 118 pounds. I hope you will do something for me as my friends advised me to write to you. Hoping to hear from you soon I remain yours sincerely, Miss M. Young, New York City.

I am very sorry for Miss Young and certainly deplore the fact that the closing of the boxing clubs in and about New York renders it impossible for me to give her the "start" she desires. If, however, she is eager for strenuous labor I hope she will pardon me for suggesting that the strike on the subway excavations, where workmen are being killed daily by fighting "dagos," may afford her a chance for lively employment with plenty of "scrapping" thrown in by way of a side dish.

It is pleasing to note that Bob Fitzsimmons and Martin Julian have wiped out whatever grudge they owed each other, over the grave of the wife and sister. Julian managed Fitz during certain periods of that puncher's career, being his adviser when Bob won the championship from Jim Corbett. Mrs. Fitzsimmons was Julian's sister. When she died the husband and brother met for the first time in over two years—and shook hands.

It is probable now that Fitz will again do business through the ring box office with his brother-in-law. There are a good many fights still stowed away in the shoulder blades of the old man, and, barring Jeffries, he can make the other fellows guess a little.

Harry Elkes, of Glens Falls, N. Y., middle distance bicycling champion of the world, while competing in a 20-mile motor-paced race at Charles River Park, Boston, Mass., on May 30, fell from his wheel and was run over by Stinson's motor, sustaining injuries from which he died before he reached a hospital. Fully 1,200 persons saw the tragedy.

SAM AUSTIN.

## STEVE O'DONNELL WINS A FIGHT.

Patsy Corrigan, of New York, was slated to meet Steve O'Donnell, of New York, at the Templar Athletic Club, Boston, May 27, but Patsy did not show up and Jim Kennedy, who took his place, lasted but three rounds, a right wallop on the jaw putting him to the bed.

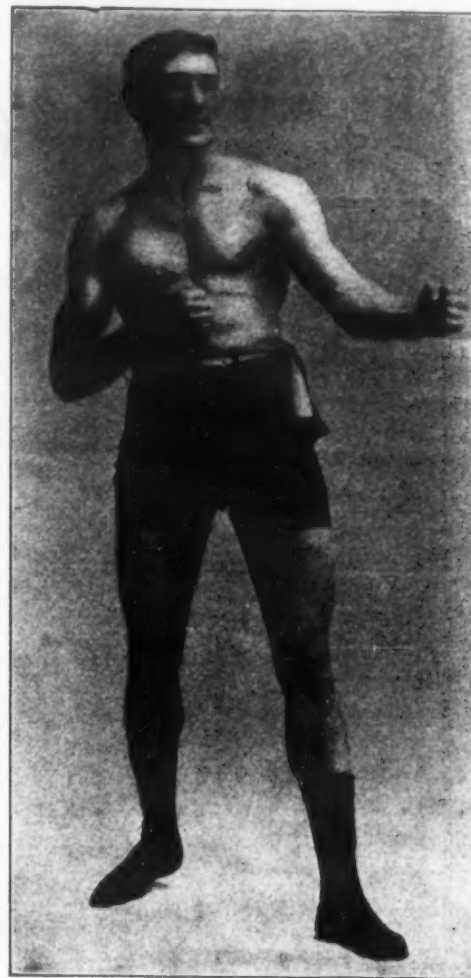
Billy Francis went down in eight rounds before Joe O'Donnell.

# JACK O'BRIEN AS A FIGHTER

Won Two Championship Titles From English Pugilists.

BY SAM C. AUSTIN.—No. 21.

Over in England, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien won the titles of middle and heavyweight champion, a distinction which few great pugilists ever aspired to, to say nothing of being successful in reaching such an enviable position. O'Brien achieved the dual honors be-



PHILADELPHIA JACK O'BRIEN.

cause of the fact that England to-day has no first-class fighters, and any American pugilist of mediocre ability is able to discount the efforts of the so-called champions. O'Brien won the titles, all right, but there is no gainsaying the fact that he is the poorest excuse for a champion that ever lived. Since he captured the English honors he has been engaged in, perhaps, forty so-called contests, not one of which ever approached the dignity of a fight. His sole ambition seems to be to add names to a long record, caring, apparently, nothing for the fistic qualifications of his opponents; picking out the "softest marks," and dodging the hard ones on one pretext or another. He has succeeded most cleverly in bluffing himself out of matches with men like Tommy Ryan, Bob Fitzsimmons and Kid McCoy, whom he should have been fighting if he cared anything at all about the prestige he acquired when he captured the titles he now enjoys.

While O'Brien's record is of the continuous variety, there is nothing in it to excite the pugilistic critic's admiration. His renown may be more directly attributed to the clever labors of an enterprising press agent than to anything which O'Brien himself has ever done in the fighting line.

It is traditional in fistic circles that O'Brien will make no match with a first-class opponent unless he has an "ace down," or, in other words, a copper-fastened and iron-riveted agreement that he is not to be beaten. For this reason some of the battles in which he has participated were ludicrous in the extreme. One notable instance was his recent fight with Joe Walcott, the black demon. So disgusted were the spectators that they yelled "fake," and Walcott subsequently intimated that he had all he could do to "pull" hard enough to prevent him from beating O'Brien. The local papers, commenting upon this, ridiculed O'Brien and criticized him for not being able to display any of the so-called ability which won him his English titles.

There is no doubt that he is a clever boxer and a fine ring tactician, but I have serious doubts about his gameness and don't think he has an over fondness for a punching. His right name is Joseph O'Hagen, and he was born in Philadelphia, Jan. 17, 1878. He was a stonecutter by trade, and as a youth participated in many amateur bouts. He took as his model Kid McCoy, and studied every detail of that fighter's efforts, until he had pretty nearly acquired as much cleverness as his master. Then he became a professional, slipped over to England and began a career which has been conspicuous for a long but questionable record of victories and much money. His full record may be found in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual."

JACK ROOT NEXT WEEK.

## ROOT AND GARDINER FOR A FINISH

In all probability Jack Root, of Chicago, and George Gardiner, of Lowell, Mass., will be matched to fight to a finish before the Douglass Amusement A. C., of Douglass, Ariz., on July 5.

Articles have been received by Andy Craig and Lou Houseman, managers for Gardiner and Root, and with a few alterations, they will be signed. The club has offered the men a purse of \$6,000 to battle for, and will allow each man \$500 for transportation and training.

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Many Wagers for Our Readers.

W. G., Pawtucket, R. I.—Jack wins.  
Reader, Paterson, N. J.—Write to Collector of Customs, New York City.

J. B., Butte, Mont.—Send 10 cents for "Police Gazette Annual" containing his full record.

W. R., East Chicago, Ind.—What is Pittsburg Phil's correct name?.....George E. Smith.

S. S. McC., Philadelphia, Pa.—Did Joe Gans and Jimmy Britt fight the same Turner?.....No.

Subscriber, Cincinnati.—A bets B that five aces beat five sixes in Indian dice game.....Sixes are high.

J. R. K., Dayton, Wash.—Did Martin Julian marry Fitzsimmons' first wife after they were divorced?.....Yes.

J. K., Wellston, O.—Your question was answered. Proprietors make their own rules governing such matters.

V. B. C., Chicago.—Was Jim Hall ever considered the most clever man in the world?.....Hardly, but he was a good man.

J. H., Milwaukee, Wis.—Is a man in a game of pitch compelled to throw up his hand if he has not got a trump?.....Yes.

G. R. F., Olean, N. Y.—What is the exact age of Ed. Atherton, the wrestler?.....Cannot answer exactly to decide a wager.

W. J. R., Baltimore.—In playing euchre, partners, the dealer turns it down, can the next man make the trump and not have a trump in his hand?.....Yes.

G. K., Harrisburg, Pa.—Did Terry McGovern and Joe Gans ever have a fight and what was the result?.....Yes, in Chicago. McGovern won in two rounds.

W. W., Sherbrooke, Quebec, Canada.—Tell me whether Fitzsimmons defeated Corbett in fourteen rounds in the winter of 1896 or 1897?.....March 17, 1897.

A. C. I., Butler, Pa.—Does the POLICE GAZETTE have or can you inform me where I can get a butcher's guide? A and B are playing seven-up; A has five

J. C., Pittsburg, Pa.—A bet that George Dixon fought Joe Gans ten rounds to a draw; B bet they never fought?.....No record of them ever having fought.

C. H. O., Ft. Keogh, Mont.—Was James J. Corbett ever champion of the world? Why was not Bob Fitzsimmons champion of the world?.....1. No. 2. He was.

J. F. R., Erie, Pa.—The Erne-Zurbrick fight; A bet B that it would go ten rounds or more. Who wins?.....Did not last ten rounds being stopped before expiration of round.

H. R., Kalamazoo, Mich.—Inform me whether the Philadelphia Athletics hold the championship of the American League until the end of the season?.....They are so regarded.

George Bothner, lightweight champion of the world and holder of the "Police Gazette" silver belt, has written a book on wrestling. Order it now. Price, 25 cents; this office. Fully illustrated.

Peter K., Chicago.—A bets B that W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) was a commissioned officer (colonel) in the United States army; B bets he was not. Who wins?.....He was not.

M. W., Chicago.—In a four-handed game of euchre say I turn down the trump, the next man makes the trump, can my partner or I play it alone?.....Any one can play alone either for or against.

G. G., Warsaw, Ill.—Euchre; the dealer takes it up and says he has a point and lays his hand down and the opposite party says he has to deal over?.....If the hand called for one sure point he gets it.

B. C., Monterey, Cal.—Suppose the Secretary of Navy and Secretary of State visit a naval station, whom would you turn out the guard for?.....Both; but the Secretary of State is the ranking officer.

D. A. C., Fort Robinson, Neb.—I would like to know which is the nearest route from Fort Robinson, Neb., to Salina Cruz, Oaxaca, in Mexico?.....Write to G. P. A., Mexican National Railroad, Mexico City.

Subscriber, Jamestown, N. Y.—In a game of draw poker, jack-pots, A contends that in splitting breakers you place the discard in the center of the board stating that you split breakers?.....Place the card in centre and declare split.

F. L. W., Paterson, N. J.—In a game of pool, call shot, a ball is directly in front of the side pocket and the player calls the ball straight in; instead of the ball going straight in it misses the pocket and banks across the table then goes into the pocket called. How shall the ball be scored?.....Fair shot.

Reader, Marion, O.—A, B, C, D, E and F playing draw, all jack-pots; A deals; B, C and D pass; E breaks pot; A, B and C stay; E shows two jacks before the draw; he draws one card; A asked E if he splits his pair and E says he doesn't have to tell; who is right?.....If he splits he must announce it.

G. J. Z., Poplar Bluff, Mo.—In a three-handed game of pinochle, A held 150 trumps, consisting of ace, ten, king, queen and jack and held in addition king of trumps and melded 40 trumps; B bets he must hold king and queen of trumps to meld the additional 40 trumps. Who wins?.....Can meld only 150.

C. G. E., Weldon, N. C.—In a game of set back the argument being that the bidder goes out. A has one to go and bids one; B has three to go and bids two; he makes high, jack, game; A makes low. Who goes out?.....A wins, as he is out before B makes three natural points. If B had one to go he would have been out if he made his bid.

G. L., Lowell, Mass.—A and B playing pitch; A bids two and B lets him pitch it; A makes low and game; B gets high and jack; B claims that A loses; does A have to settle? Does a player go out in a game of pitch in the order of the points, high, low, etc., or when he gets the necessary point, that is, when the score is nine to nine?.....1. A wins. 2. He goes out on points in order.

## SHARKEY WON FROM PONS.

Carl Pons, the giant French-Canadian wrestler, undertook to throw Tom Sharkey three times in an hour in a wrestling bout or forfeit the decision on May 26. He forfeited the decision all right, being only able to secure one fall within the sixty minutes, and he had no cakewalk getting that one. The men met on the mat at Sulzer's Harlem River Casino.

Sharkey's exhibition was a very clever one. The first bout was under Græco-Roman rules. Sharkey, of course, went on the defensive at the start and bent all his energies to keeping the big Frenchman from turning him over. Pons worked away for dear life for about fifteen minutes and he never came within a mile of getting Sharkey's shoulders to the mat. Then Sharkey took a crack at offensive work and on two occasions all but threw the Frenchman.

Sharkey continued to carry the war to Pons, and they mixed it up on the mat for a couple of minutes. Pons finally got Sharkey down and tried for a half-Nelson. The Sailor managed to get away, but in doing

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so was caught in a bridge. This just suited Pons, for he quickly secured a half-Nelson, with which he forced Sharkey over for the first fall. The time of the fall was thirty-one minutes.

After ten minutes' rest the men resumed work, this time under catch-as-catch-can rules. The second bout was a lively affair and lasted twenty-nine minutes without either gaining a fall. Several times during the bout Sharkey almost had his man down, scoring flying falls.

## PARR THROWS DWYER.

In one of the fastest and most exciting wrestling matches ever held in Worcester, Mass., Jim Parr defeated M. J. Dwyer, of Waterbury, Conn., on May 26, winning two straight falls, catch-as-catch-can style. The first fall was won by Parr with a combination leg and crotch hold in 40 minutes and 41 seconds, and the second was also taken by the English wrestler in 24 minutes and 20 seconds with a half-Nelson.

## FOUGHT WITH BROKEN HAND.

Because of a broken hand the Reilly-Peter Jackson fight did not amount to much at Seattle, Wash., on May 21, the colored man knocking Reilly out in the second round with a left to the pit of the stomach.

Just before the fight all bets were declared off because Reilly had broken his left hand in training. The Seattle boy stated after the contest that, thinking he would not fight, he had broken training and only consented to go in when his friends urged him to do so.

The men mixed it hard in the first, and Reilly had a shade the best of it. He says Jackson grabbed his sore hand the first time they came together and wrenched it until it was useless. With both men going fast, Jackson whipped his left to the stomach, and Reilly fell, doubled up like a worm. He had to be carried to his corner. The fight was a most unsatisfactory one.

## AMERICA GOOD ENOUGH.

Young Corbett will not go to England as he contemplated. Instead, he will remain in this country and do all of his fighting here. It was the champion's intention to go to England and see Ben Jordan personally about securing a fight, but he has changed his mind.

Corbett has planned to engage in two six-round bouts at Philadelphia before he goes to the country for a rest. He has offered to meet any featherweight in the business, provided he secures good enough inducements.

During the first week in August Corbett will go to San Francisco to see the championship battle between Jim Jeffries and Jim Corbett. While there the Denver lad will see the officials of the Yosemite A. C. relative to his mill with Jordan.

## BOXING IN CHESTER, PA.

National Hall, Chester, Pa., was crowded to the doors the other night at the weekly show of the Chester Broadway Athletic Club. Kid Wilson, of Orange, N. J., bested Dave Holly, of Woodbury, in a six-round contest, and had the Woodbury man in trouble. Young Mack, of Philadelphia, knocked out Young Jack O'Brien, of Philadelphia, in the third round, after a hot engagement, during which Mack was floored. Kid Gallagher and Eddie Hahn, of Philadelphia, fought a six-round draw.

## MARVIN HART'S BAD HAND.

Marvin Hart's hand which was injured in his fight with George Gardiner at Louisville, Ky., is still in bad shape. The injury seems to be a serious one and there are many who claim to have a knowledge of anatomy who state that the hand will never be strong again; that he has lost completely the power of jabbing, the terrific swing that he was wont to land upon his opponent's jaw, and which put many fighters to sleep for the required ten seconds or more.

To Hart this hand is his bread and butter, and it is his determination to save it for future use. In view of this fact he has had the hand operated upon by the best surgeons in the South, and he will do everything possible to save the strength of the member. He will be out of the ring for at least a year, and in the meantime will try to prevent himself from getting too fat, and no one has forgotten his past victories, and they hope that his hand will fully recover so that one day he may bear the title of champion of the world.

## A DISCUS RECORD.

J. S. Thorp made a new school record for throwing the discus at the fifteenth annual games of De LaSalle School, held at Columbia Oval, Williamsbridge, N. Y., May 27. He threw the old Greek missile 87 feet 7 inches.

## FERGUSON'S GOOD SHOWING.

Sandy Ferguson, the "Chelsea Strong Boy," got an even break with Gus Ruhlin, the Akron Giant, in the feature bout of fifteen rounds at the Criterion Club, Boston, May 26, and by so doing placed himself in the rank of prominent heavyweights.

To a majority of those who witnessed the contest Ferguson outpointed Ruhlin, but he was not on an equal footing in forcing the game. The Chelsea lad repeatedly jumped in and jabbed with his left, getting away or closing in before Ruhlin could return. Ferguson exhibited remarkable quickness and got out of some tight places by sharp work.

Ruhlin appeared very sluggish in action and was intent on doing execution with one-hand punches rather than waste his time jabbing. He was willing to take the slapping Sandy administered with his right on his back, which was covered with welts which Ferguson's punches left. Ruhlin never backed ground, carrying the fight to Ferguson all through, but he found trouble reaching Ferguson on account of the latter's cleverness in blocking.

In the opening round Ferguson was especially prominent. He landed a couple of staggering blows on the head that jarred Ruhlin. He kept up the operation in the second, with Ruhlin scarcely landing.

Ruhlin's forcing tactics were more in evidence in the succeeding rounds. His guard was crossed in his anxiety to poise for a hard blow, and Ferguson caught the crowd by his ability to reach his right over and escape. In the seventh round Ruhlin put a stinging right to the body that hurt, but failed to follow it up. He repeated the trick in the ninth.

In the final round there were four hot exchanges, but in the last turn Ferguson worked a few rights to the head that gave him the advantage.

The first preliminary was a rattling eight-round bout

between Johnny Fitzgerald, of South Boston, who substituted for Young Sidney, and Mosey King, of Fall River. The decision was a draw.

In the second Sam Langford knocked out Chick Monahan in two rounds. Jack Sheehan was referee.

## A BLACK HERCULES.

In view of the fact that Thomas E. White, the young man referred to in the following story, which is reprinted from the Boston Advertiser, won the third prize in the recent "Police Gazette" physical culture contest, it will be of interest to the many readers of this paper:

Employed in the rope-walk at Charlestown Navy Yard is a young mulatto, T. E. White, who is just turn-



JOHN J. BEOLEY.

Champion Boxer of Company K, 21st Infantry.  
Stationed at Fort Keogh, Mont.

ing into manhood, and who has been pronounced by Dr. Sargent, of Harvard College, to be the finest living example of physical culture known.

The young man has been in training for the past five years under the direction of Prof. Hoffman, of the B. Y. M. C. U.

He entered upon a systematic course of physical training while a boy of good form and proportions, and with the usual course, which consists of using pulleys, weights, light dumb-bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, tumbling, balancing and jumping, he has developed into a phenomenon.

Dr. Sargent considers White more perfectly developed in some respects than the Apollo Belvidere.

His measurements are: Height, 5 feet 3 inches; weight, 151 pounds; chest (normal), 36.5 inches; chest (expanded), 39.8 inches; waist, 31.6 inches; hips, 35.8 inches; thigh, 21.6 inches; calf, 15.2 inches; upper arm, 14.6 inches; forearm, 12.8 inches.

It was only about one and a half years ago that Prof. Hoffman began to pay special attention to his student. His rapid development could not be passed unnoticed, and equally prominent became the fact of the tremendous strength he was acquiring.

Special paraphernalia was procured for White's benefit, increasing from 50-pound, 100-pound, 200-pound and finally 210-pound dumb-bells, and now he can handle the heaviest of these with one hand and hold it over his head.

During Dr. Sargent's examination White lifted 1,776 pounds by the leg lift and performed other herculean feats.

His duties at the rope-walk have had something to do toward developing this great amount of strength. His regular diet is hard work, and not the least of this is a 1,500 pound truck, which he pushes over 1,700 feet of track eight times a day.

H. K. Kitson, the sculptor, is making a study of White, with a view to modelling a great statue from him.

## BETTS KNOCKS OUT YOUNG KELLY.

George Betts knocked out Young Kelly in a private fight held in Brooklyn, May 27, in four rounds. Kelly never had a chance to win. After the bout Kelly's seconds started in to clean up things with Betts, and a small-sized riot resulted. A cry of "Police" calmed the rioters and ended hostilities.

Every sporting man ought to have a copy of Champion George Bothner's book on wrestling. 70 page pictures. Price, 25 cents; this office.



Photo by Vander Weyde: New York.

## CHRISTY MATHEWSON.

The Most Popular Pitcher in the Country who  
Is with the New York (N. L.) Team.

points; B six; B deals and turns jack; A has high and low and claims out; B claims out when he turns jack; which is right?.....1. No. 2. B.

W. H. H., Rochester, N. Y.—Let me know the attendance of the New York National League at the opening game? Also the attendance of the New York American League at the opening game?.....1. About 25,000. 2. About 16,000.

J. E. P., Liberty Center, O.—What was the longest fight between two pugilists and who were they? Where can I get the book entitled "Billy Leroy, the Bandit"?.....1. 7 hours 19 minutes, between Andy Bowen and Jack Burke. 2. It is out of print.

ATHLETES, Your Attention is Called to Page 7---PROF. ATTILA'S Lessons are the Best Ever Published





**WILLIE BLISS.**  
CHAMPION BAG PUNCHER OF TROY,  
N. Y., WHO WANTS A MATCH.



**FRED A. WALL.**  
DEAF MUTE OF AUGUSTA, GA., WHO IS  
ANXIOUS FOR A MATCH.



**LOUIS BEANSEY.**  
A BOXER OF TROY, N. Y., WHO HAS A FINE  
RING RECORD AND WHO CHALLENGES.



**RICHARD HILLER.**  
A BRAVE YOUNG FIREMAN AND LIFE  
SAVER OF NYACK, N. Y.



**JACK LANG.**  
145-POUND WRESTLER WHO BELONGS TO  
THE HELL GATE A. C., NEW YORK.



**ALLIE HUNT.**  
POPULAR HOTEL CLERK OF THE NEW  
NATIONAL, MT. STERLING, KY.



**AMATEURS ON THE DIAMOND.**  
THE KNIGHTS, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y., WHO CHALLENGE ANY AMATEUR  
BASEBALL TEAM IN THAT CITY TO A GAME.



**A MINNEAPOLIS TRIO.**  
EDDIE GARDNER, BROTHER OF OSCAR, O. P. SMITH,  
HIS TRAINER, AND WES VELIE, HIS MANAGER.





TWIN SULLIVAN.

THE BOSTON WELTERWEIGHT WHO HAS MADE A FAVORABLE IMPRESSION IN ENGLAND  
WHERE HE RECENTLY FOUGHT A DRAW WITH JACK PALMER.







## BARBERS OF PROMINENCE

Here's a Chance for Some Tonsorial Record Breaker.



Peter Safina, of 1701 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, is an expert tonsorialist, at present employed by Peter St. Marks at the above place. Mr. Safina has many friends in Brooklyn, and his services are highly valued as he is a favorite with the patrons of his employer, being an artist with the razor and shears.

## THREE GREAT PRIZES

All Barbers Are Invited to Compete for the Police Gazette Championship Medals.

All over the country from Maine to Florida, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, barbers are at work making records and it is fair to assume that the present one will be the greatest tonsorial contest ever held in any country.

In order to facilitate matters the POLICE GAZETTE has had printed entry blanks that will be sent to any barber upon request.

If you think you are good write for a blank and get into the game. Bear in mind that it will cost you nothing to compete.

You will not even be asked to subscribe to the best and most liberal sporting paper in the world.

Enough has been said about the medals in previous issues. Of course, you know they are of solid gold.

That goes without saying.

There is no string to them.

Records go here and no favorites are played.

But if the record of any contestant is considered doubtful he may be asked to repeat his performance before a committee appointed by the POLICE GAZETTE.

Here are the prizes and conditions:

**First Prize—\$75.00 gold medal to the man who lathers and shaves the greatest number of men in 30 minutes.**

**Second Prize—\$50.00 gold medal for the quickest and most artistic hair cut, military style, using scissors and comb only.**

**Third Prize—\$25.00 for the quickest single shave, the contestant to do the lathering.**

It is conceded that every barber who amounts to anything will be represented, and the men who are stationed at army posts are especially invited to try their skill for a medal.

Don't wait.

Begin now.

You can have as many entry blanks as you like.

You can try as often as you wish, and your best record will go.

If you are not a barber you certainly need the services of one.

Send for entry blanks for him.

Encourage him to enter.

He may not know of this.

And now, barbers, what do you think of the contest?

Write a letter to the POLICE GAZETTE giving your views and enclosing your record.

Here is a story from a newspaper published at Miami, Fla.: "Mr. Gallat is to be congratulated for the very fine advertisement he has obtained, and his example might well be followed by other tonsorialists."

The POLICE GAZETTE would like to receive the names and addresses of the secretaries of every barbers' union in America, in order that this contest may be made one of the greatest ever held.

A GOOD PAPER FOR A GOOD SHOP.

I am sending you a check for \$1.00 for the POLICE GAZETTE for thirteen weeks. I would like your "Barbers' Recipe Book" as a premium.

Yours truly, CHAS. F. WAGNER,

Hotel Savoy Barber Shop,

Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, New York.

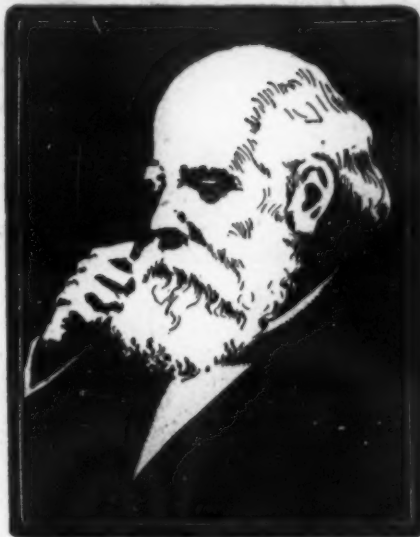
## I CURE SYPHILIS

I Have Discovered the Marvelous Secret of Nature and I Give It Free to You.

My Mysterious Compound Startles the World With Its Wonderful Cures—With This Marvelous Secret No Man or Woman Need Suffer From Syphilis and It Is My Mission on Earth Henceforth to Restore All Suffering Men and Women to Perfect Health.

Send No Money—Simply Send Your Name and Address and This Marvelous Compound Will be Sent to You by Return Mail, Prepaid, Absolutely Free.

I have found the marvelous secret of Nature in restoring perfect health to men and women suffering from syphilis, in any stage. To me it has been given to bring to the weary, sore, worn-out brothers and sisters the knowledge of this priceless boon, and even to the uttermost ends of the earth I send my message of



"No Man is Lost—There is a Sure Cure for Syphilis."—Dr. Ferris.

love and peace and hope and help. Unbelievers may scoff and cry "fake," but I heed them not. My work has just begun and I am saving men.

The secret of this mighty healing power, this marvelous fluid is known to me alone. It is mine to give to whom I will and my works go before me. Doubt not! I ask no man to believe me, but I give to every man free this priceless boon and it restores him instantly to perfect health. With this marvelous mysterious compound, which I have discovered only after a lifetime devoted to search through all the realms of science, and the archives of the ancients, it is possible to heal at once the awful sores, clear the complexion of the copper spots, dry up the mucous patches, heal the ulcers and leave the body clean and healthy and wholesome. With this mysterious compound no man or woman will ever again be troubled with syphilis or any of its evil effects.

Remember it matters not what stage your case may be in. It matters not how long you have had it, how you got it or when you got it. It matters not what doctors or scoffers say. This is no ordinary drug or medicinal method of treatment, but it is the vital life spark itself, and it matters not how many remedies or doctors have failed I have repeatedly and instantly cured the worst old cases, healed the sores and caused the mucous patches, copper colored spots, and other evidences of this terrible poison to disappear like magic. My secret compound never fails, and its cures are lasting; never again are any of my people troubled with Syphilis. My private address is Dr. C. Sargent Ferris, 8014 Strawn Building, Cleveland, Ohio, and I urge every person suffering from syphilis to send to me and I will forward by first mail, prepaid, a package of my marvelous discovery. My wondrous discovery has startled the world by its miraculous effects, and yet I seek not fame or glory. It suffices me if I may be the humble instrument of Nature's greatest power in bringing all men to the enjoyment of perfect health and I do it free. In the time allotted to me here on earth I shall do all that in my power lies to give my fellow-men the benefit of this great secret and my reward shall be in the knowledge that I have done unto others as I would that others should do unto me.

### A NEW SCHEME FOR BARBERS.

A Bowery combination barber shop and cigar store has gone into the coupon business. Every time a man buys a hair cut, shave or cigar he gets a coupon. When he has saved a certain number of the coupons he is entitled to a free shave, hair cut or a cigar.

### ONE MAN'S RECORD.

I have shaved 130 men and cut 16 heads of hair in fourteen hours. Did all work first class and complete. How is that? S. A. ROUSE, La Junta, Col.

[Good, but why not compete for the "Police Gazette" medals? Ed.]

### WALCOTT TOO MUCH FOR SMITH.

At Portland, Ore., on May 28, Joe Walcott, of Boston, won from "Mysterious Billy" Smith, of Portland, after four rounds of furious fighting. Smith's seconds threw up the sponge. Smith claimed to have broken his left hand in the third round.

## SYPHILIS

## SYPHILIS

**DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME AND MONEY EXPERIMENTING.**

# Cyphilene

**WE HAVE THE ONLY CURE.**

**CURED IN 15 TO 35 DAYS**

Primary, Secondary or Tertiary SYPHILIS permanently cured at home for the same price under same guaranty. If you prefer to come here we will warrant to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and no charge if we fail to cure.

**IF YOU HAVE** taken mercury, iodide, potash, and still have aches and pains, mucous patches in mouth, sore throat, pimples, copper colored spots, ulcers on any part of the body, hair or eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary SYPHILIS **WE GUARANTEE TO CURE**

We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we can not cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of most eminent physicians. \$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application.

100-page book sent free.

**NO BRANCH OFFICES.**

Address, COOK REMEDY CO.  
319 MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO

Magic Cure

**COOK REMEDY CO. COOK REMEDY CO.**

BLOOD POISON
BLOOD POISON

### MEDICAL.

## WEAK And UNDEVELOPED PARTS OF THE BODY ENLARGED and STRENGTHENED!

Vigorous, Natural Conditions established and sustained. Complete, Rapid Development of Normal Functions and Size. An untiring, scientific method, perfected by experience; endorsed by highest authority. Full account of the system, with references, mailed, in plain, sealed letter on request. Strictest confidence observed. We especially solicit inquiry from men who have been deceived and victimized by the quacks.

Address **ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.**

## MEN ONLY

**CACTUS** Enlarges small organs. Restores sexual ability. Cures nervous debility. Cactus Cream is an outwardly applied salve. Has only to be gently rubbed in to benefit. One application positively proves its value. Makes weak men strong, strong men stronger. \$1.00 box. Sample box (one appl. caution only) 10c. silver. This month a \$1.00 box for 50c. **Ferry Co., 25 Third Av., New York.**

**THE CHEMOELECTRIC DYNOL**

A powerful electric current for sexual impotency. Drains and lessens instantly stopped. An intense chemical electric force sent directly through the weakened parts, rendering sexual organs supple. An original scientific process of increasing force through the body, a species of X-ray. Not a back the difference is the difference between truth and falsehood. 27 Hours. FINAL PERMITTED.

Price \$10.00 **ELECTRIC DYNOL CO.**

PO BOX 104, STATTON, N.Y.C.

**A POSITIVE CURE FOR MEN ONLY.** Without medicine—**ALLAN'S SOLUBLE MEDICATED BOUGIES** will cure the most obstinate cases. No nauseous doses. Price \$1.50. Sold by druggists. Send for circular **J. C. Allan Co., P. O. Box 2996, New York.**

## MEN RESULTS IN 5 MINUTES

No internal drugs, no belt or appliances. My celebrated local East India application gives vigorous results and thorough satisfaction in five minutes. Guaranteed or money back. \$2 per bottle. **DR. J. B. WEINTRAUB, Room 100, 246 State St., Chicago, Ill.**

**GO-REA** "The Quick Repair." Guaranteed to cure Gonorrhea, Gleet and Leucorrhea. Sure, safe, painless. Recommended by well known Chicago physician. 1 to 5 days. Never fails. \$1.00 cures. Sent charges prepaid, for \$1.00. **THE GO-REA CO., 184 Dearborn St., Chicago.**

**PROTECT YOURSELF** By using **PREVENT-OL**. Absolutely prevents and cures Gonorrhea and Gleet. Sent in plain, sealed package for \$1. Send for circulars. **Joliet Med. Co., 210 N. Broadway, Joliet, Ill.**

**MORPHINE** and **LIQUOR HABITS CURED.** Thousands having failed elsewhere have been cured by us. Write **The Dr. J. L. Stephens Co., Dept. T-3, Lebanon, O.**

**TRY-OL GLOBULES** A specific for Gleet, Running Range and Gonorrhea. By mail \$1.00 a box; 3 for \$2.50. **W. T. WITTE & CO., Druggists, Richmond, Va.**

**A SECRET** for weak or undeveloped men. No C.O.D. Write to-day. **New Idea Co., G 508, Toledo, Ohio.**

**PILES** Cured in 10 days by **BRIGHT-O**. Price 50c. Guaranteed. **Bright-O Co., Box 2, Station B, Cincinnati, O.**

**GENTS**—Results in 20 minutes. Satisfaction guaranteed. Trial 50c. **Prof. Thorne, Chemist, Bridgeport, Conn.**

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SEND \$1.00 FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE FOR 13 WEEKS

And you will receive by return mail any one of the following illustrated books which you select:

1. STANDARD BOOK OF RULES FOR ALL SPORTS.
2. THE COCKER'S GUIDE: OR, HOW TO TRAIN GAME FOWL.
3. DOG PIT: HOW TO FEED AND HANDLE FIGHTING DOGS.
4. BOXING AND HOW TO TRAIN. BY SAM C. AUSTIN.
5. THE BARTENDER'S GUIDE: RECIPES FOR ALL MIXED DRINKS. UP-TO-DATE.
6. BARBERS' BOOK OF RECIPES: HOW TO MAKE HAIR TONICS, COSMETICS, ETC.
7. ART OF WRESTLING—WITH RULES.

### MEDICAL.

## SYPHILIS CURED!

No matter whether it be in the primary, secondary or tertiary stage, no matter if you are at the point of despair and have been told that your case is incurable,

**\$500 CASH** will be paid for any case of SYPHILIS that **STERLING'S ROYAL REMEDY** will not cure. Send for book which will give you most valuable information.

The **JOHN STERLING ROYAL REMEDY CO.** Department B. **KANSAS CITY, MO.**

## BLOOD POISON

**\$500 REWARD** For the most Horrible, Destructive, Brain-Wrecking, Mind and Body Destructive Case of Contagious Blood Poison, OR SYPHILIS, any stage or any cause, that our Never-failing **EL-VULCAN COMPOUND** will not Speedily, Positively and Permanently CURE for life. This powerful Compound stops all ravages in 5 days. Secret, Ideal Home Treatment. **Cheapest, Greatest, Surest Cure on Earth.**

Saves you time, money and disappointment. Over 10,000 Cures; not a single failure. Write for proofs, valuable booklet, testimonials, etc., **FREE** **EL-VULCAN REMEDY CO.** C-515 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.

## YOUNG MEN!

For Gonorrhea and Gleet get **Pabst's Okay Specific**. It is the ONLY medicine which will cure each and every case. NO CASE known it has ever failed to cure, no matter how serious or of how long standing. Results from its use will astonish you. It is absolutely safe, prevents stricture, and can be taken without inconvenience and detention from business. PRICE, For sale by all reliable druggists, or sent prepaid by express, plainly wrapped, on receipt of price, by **Grand mail on request. Pabst Chemicals Co. (Inc.) CHICAGO, ILL.**

## A SURE CURE FOR GONORRHEA

**DR. CROSSMAN'S SPECIFIC**

Taken internally; two bottles suffice. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. **Wright's L. V. P. Co., 373 Pearl St., New York**

We will send **FREE** in plain sealed envelope, a prescription which will positively cure Lost manhood, Nervous Debility, Sexual Weakness, Shrunken or Undeveloped Organs in your home. **ROBERT WESTERN MEDICAL ASSN., 161 Lincoln Building, Detroit, Mich.** I was cured, and it is my duty to lend a helping hand to fellow sufferers.

## WEAK MEN CURED FREE

**FREE CURE FOR MEN.** A receipt which quickly restores Natural Size, Perfect Vigor and Nerve Force to Small, Shrunken and Weak Sexual Organs. **DR. KNAPP MED. CO., 798 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich.,** gladly send this wonderful receipt free to suffering men.

## OLD MEN

Made young and young men strong and vigorous by Dr. Youssouf's celebrated **Turkish Ointment**. It is guaranteed to greatly increase the size, vigor and power of the sexual organs. A small box mailed sealed in plain wrapper for 20c. stamps or silver. Large box \$1.00. **Franklin Remedy Co., Dept. D, 519 3d Av., New York.**

## STRICTURE

Cured at home by a New Method. Safe and painless. No surgical operation or loss of time. No failure. Prostate Irritation and Enlargement, Obstruction and Mucous Discharge cured. Book mailed (sealed) free. **Victor Chem. Co. 45 Brewer Bldg., Boston, Mass.**

**SEXUAL LIFE REVEALED (TRADE MARK.)** A book for young and old men, married or single, to marry, **FREE**. Plain facts, things we ought to know. **RUXTON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. P, 47 DEY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.**

**LADIES, Dr. LaFrance's Compound** gives positive relief. Powerful combination. Used by 300,000 women. Price, 25 cts. Druggists or mail. Address **LaFRANCO & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.**

**LADIES IN TROUBLE** use our sure remedy. Trial **FREE**. **Paris Chemical Co., Milwaukee, Wis.**

My Regulator never fails. Box **FREE**. **LADIES DR. F. MAY, Box 27 Bloomington, Ill.**





Photo by Kirkman: Baltimore.

YOUNG HART, BALTIMORE WRESTLER.



Photo by Altman: New York.

YOUNG THOMAS, CHALLENGES AT 112 POUNDS.



Copyright by Altman, New York.

TOM RILEY, CLEVER ENGLISH WRESTLER.



CARL PETERMAN, POPULAR ATHLETE OF ERIE, PA.



PATRICK S. HUGHES, WELL DEVELOPED BROOKLYN YOUTH.



T. THOMAS, 112-POUNDER, CHICAGO.



MAXEY KANE, CHAMPION OF THE PHILIPPINES.



CHARLEY MAC, BROOKLYN LIGHTWEIGHT.

## AMERICAN ATHLETES.

STURDY BOXERS, WRESTLERS AND STRONG MEN, SOME OF WHOM ISSUE CHALLENGES.





Photo by CHICKERING, Boston.

**QUEENIE VASSAR.**

She is on a Successful Tour with the "Beauty and the Beast" this Season.